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The Big Little Man

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

It was the night Mr. Bixby almost hanged himself that Margie realised she was in love with him. She was sitting in the drawing-room with her mother when they heard peculiar noises from upstairs.

"I told him no animals," Margie's mother said.

"I'll go see," Margie said, and hurried up the stairs. Mr. Bixby, the latest occupant of the spare room,

had seemed a moral and sober young man when he arrived, but you never could tell.

Mr. Bixby's door was open, and the first thing Margie saw was his feet, dangling above the floor. Mr. Bixby was hanging from the top of the door, his face flushed and his hands flopping wildly.

"Guk!" he said helplessly, and Margie came to life. She glimpsed a razor on the dressing-table, grabbed it, climbed on a chair and cut down Mr. Bixby. He dropped to the floor with a thud and sat there looking mournful with an odd-looking helmet around his head.

After a minute he removed the contraption and pressed both hands to his neck. He got to his feet, went over and stood against the wall, his feet together, head thrown back.

"Miss Tyler," he said, "will you do me a favor? Get that pencil and make a mark on the wallpaper at the top of my head."

Margie stood on tiptoe. "There's already a mark there," she said.

Mr. Bixby's shoulders slumped.

"It didn't work," he said. "That was an invention of my own. I thought it would make me taller. I had a theory that hanging would stretch my spinal column. The safety catch slipped, and you saved my life."

"Mr. Bixby," Margie said, "it isn't a man's size that counts. Look at Napoleon."

Mr. Bixby stared at her, hope flickering in his blue eyes. He was a wistful-looking little man, and Margie repressed an urge to pat his head.

"Margie," he said, "do you think a good big man can always beat a good

little man? That's what they say, you know. It's disheartening."

The more she saw of Mr. Bixby the more Margie liked him. Small herself, she seemed to attract brawny, rugged individuals with bulging biceps. She was tired of getting a crick in the neck from looking up at the men she danced with.

Mr. Bixby was just her size. She started to smile, and then her heart sank when she saw the photograph on the bedside table. Across it was written "To Alfred With Love."

"If you're in trouble, Mr. Bixby," she said, "I'd like to help you."

"I'm practically a fugitive," Mr. Bixby said.

And at that moment Margie knew this was it. Even if Mr. Bixby had robbed an orphan's home, she was with him to the bitter end.

"There was a boy at school, Nap O'Leary," Mr. Bixby said. "He used to rub his knuckles across my head. He held my neck with his left hand and rubbed with his other hand. He tied a tin to my dog's tail."

"He sounds like a big bully."

"He is a bully," Mr. Bixby said.

"He was always picking on me when I wouldn't kowtow to him. I used to make a fool of him in class, and he didn't like it because I was only

half his size. Maybe I was foolish, but I wouldn't give in to him."

"It shows you have a strong character," Margie said.

"I won't go into all the details," Mr. Bixby continued, "but he always made life miserable. The crowning blow came a few days ago. I'd been going around with a girl, and we were more or less engaged. Then suddenly Nap O'Leary tried to cut me out. We had an argument about her at a dance."

Mr. Bixby paused, blushing.

"Nap," he went on thickly, "got hold of me. With one hand on my collar and the other on the seat of my pants, he carried me across the dance floor and out the door—in front of Blanche and everybody. Blanche thought it was funny. She told me afterwards that she couldn't marry a pip-squeak."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bixby," Margie said, breathing hard.

"I sneaked out of town the next day," Mr. Bixby said. "I came here because there's an ex-prizefighter in this town. I've hired him to give me boxing lessons. I'm going to stay here a month and train."

"You're going to try to lick Nap O'Leary a month from now?" Margie asked, her heart sinking.

"I've got to have it out with him."

Margie felt very low. "Maybe I can help," she said. "I'll see that you get enough of the right kind of food. You'll want a lot of red meat." At breakfast next morning Margie put a steaming bowl of oatmeal in front of Mr. Bixby.

"I never eat oatmeal," Mr. Bixby said.

"What does Nap O'Leary weigh?"

"Fifteen stone."

"Eat that oatmeal," Margie said, and shuddered.

Please turn to page 4

"Blow me down," said Alfred, looking at the prostrate figure.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 6, 1948
Page 3

HERE'S MY MAN IN HIS

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MR. BIXBY

sighed and started in. "I ran two miles this morning," he sighed. "It's great for the wind and the legs. It's very important that I get my legs in shape. That's what holds a man up. I may be knocked down a few times, but if my legs are strong enough, I'll be able to keep getting up."

Margie winced. "By the way," Mr. Bixby said, "I have my first boxing lesson from Mr. Finney to-night. Would you like to watch?"

The back room of Finney's Bar and Grill was used largely for poker games, but Mr. Finney, the proprietor, had shoved chairs and tables to one side, leaving a space large enough for the job at hand.

Mr. Bixby put on the gloves with Margie's aid, and the boxing lesson began. Margie watched it torn between horror and admiration for Mr. Bixby's determination and amazing courage.

When it was over Margie walked back to the house with Mr. Bixby. There was a moon overhead, and as they walked along Margie couldn't help noticing that they were almost the same size.

She murmured, "Blanche is a big girl?"

"Junoque," said Mr. Bixby. Margie looked up at the moon, feeling sorry it was wasted. When she did a man her size he turned out to be in love with a female full-back. And even if he didn't love this Juno, Margie was afraid she was in love with a man who would shortly be a corpse.

Mr. Bixby was also aware of the moon. "She's big," he said softly, "but beautifully proportioned."

"That's nice," Margie said sweetly.

They reached Margie's front porch, and Mr. Bixby beamed at her. "You're very kind to me," he said. "I wish you'd call me Alfred. You're a real pal."

"Good - night, Alfred," Margie said, and went gloomily down to her room. "Pals forever," she said bitterly, and went to bed.

The days went by, and in the mornings Mr. Bixby ran around the countryside and got a reputation in town as a pleasant if eccentric young man.

One night Margie approached Mr. Finney. "How's he really doing, Mr. Finney?" she asked.

"I like the kid, y'unnerstand," he said. "But I'll be straight with you. He ain't got no future in it. He's fast and he's game. His jab ain't half bad. But he's got no steam. Truth of it is, he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag."

Three days before the month was up, Alfred stopped training. "I think I'm in danger of going stale," he said. "I'd better spell off. Would you care to go to the pictures with me to-night, Margie?"

They walked home hand in hand. When they stopped at the front door, Margie's eyes were half closed, her head was tilted, and she was very close to him.

Alfred ran a finger around his collar, then he bent forward and kissed her. It started out like a caress from her maiden aunt, but in the middle of it his arms tightened around her.

"You're not angry, Margie?" he asked anxiously when he released her.

Margie said dreamily, "No, Alfred." She waited for him to confess his love.

"Gosh," Alfred said, "I'm glad you're not angry, Margie. Knowing how I feel about Blanche, you have a right to be very angry."

Margie said coldly, "Go to bed, Alfred. It's after eleven, and you need your eight hours." She went raging to her bedroom.

Until the last minute Margie wasn't going to go with him. But she couldn't stay at home. She put on her best outfit, and when Alfred started for the train she went with him.

It was forty miles to Alfred Bixby's home town. When the train pulled

The Big Little Man

Continued from page 3

into the station Margie began to tremble. Alfred was white, his jaw set, and his hands clenched.

They got off the train and went out to a taxi.

"Drive down the main street," Alfred said. He began to bob and weave in the taxicab. Margie bit her lips and went pale when they passed an undertaking establishment.

"Stop," Alfred shouted suddenly, and leaped out of the cab, flinging some coins at the driver.

Margie pelted after him. She saw him halt before a couple standing outside a shop. She looked at Blanche first, long legs and billowing curves. Going to look like a ferry-boat in about five years, Margie thought.

Nap O'Leary turned then, and Margie quivered. He was a big, grinning, red-faced man with a cocky tilt to his shoulders. A cigar angled sharply from one side of his mouth. He had small blue eyes that looked as hard as marbles.

Nap O'Leary chuckled. "Haven't seen you since the night I ran you out of the dance hall," he said. "I'll never forget the way your legs wobbled."

"They won't wobble now," Alfred said. "Step back into the lane with me."

Nap looked puzzled, but Alfred put

BUTCH



"That was a nice bit in the social page about your theatre party. I was fascinated by th' description of your blue fox."

a hand on his arm. They went back into the lane behind the shops. There were garbage tins about and a litter of debris, including empty bottles.

Alfred removed his coat.

"Nap," he said quietly, "remember how you used to rub your knuckles across my scalp? Remember the time you tied a tin to my dog's tail? Nap, this is the day of reckoning. Put up your hands."

Nap slid out of his coat and rolled up his sleeves. His biceps looked as though eggs were hidden under the skin. He stood flat-footed, while Alfred began to bob and weave round him like a small terrier. Nap was vastly amused until Alfred darted in and drove a quick one-two to the chin.

"Oof," said Nap, and the grin faded from his face. Alfred beamed at Margie, travelled again in a circle, and danced in. Nap's right hand exploded out of nowhere. Alfred did a back dive on to a rusty bedspring and rolled off to the ground. He wriggled once or twice, then he got up, and danced back to the slaughter.

"This is murder!" Margie cried.

"Oh, Alfred!" She turned and darted towards the street. "Help!" she yelled.

"Police!" The policeman directing the traffic at the corner turned and looked at her.

"Murder," Margie screamed, and darted back down the lane, picking up a beer bottle en route. The situation, she saw at a glance, was desperate. Alfred was climbing out of a pile of coal ashes. He had a glazed look in his eyes, and his legs seemed to be made of inner tubes. He wobbled painfully forward.

Nap O'Leary was consumed with fury. Alfred was as persistent as a fly, and there was a sting to his blows if not a knockout punch.

Angrily Nap set himself, his mouth a thin, cruel line. His right arm was doubled, his huge fist poised.

Alfred came forward wide open, starting a left hook. Margie, acting by instinct, raised the beer bottle.

There were two simultaneous sounds. Alfred's fist landed on the point of Nap O'Leary's jaw just as Margie's beer bottle struck the back of Nap O'Leary's skull.

Nap wobbled on suddenly boneless legs. He sank slowly to the ground, Alfred, his eyes as wide as saucers, stared at him.

"Holy smoke," said Alfred faintly. Before Margie's eyes, Alfred seemed to grow six inches, his chest expansion became a thing of wonder. And then the force arrived, and the lane was full of policemen.

The last Margie saw of Alfred he was being dragged off by the men in blue, while he joyously invited them to put up their fists and fight like men.

Margie dashed back to the street and ran into a lawyer's office. There was a hurried consultation, a telephone conversation to the police station and another to the local magistrate. Then Margie telephoned her mother, with a demand for money which staggered her astounded parent.

"It's all right, Mother, don't worry, just wire me the cash!" she concluded. "I must have it to bail Alfred out of gaol."

She waited at the post office until the money arrived. Then she hurried to the police station. She counted out the money on the desk and turned to leave.

"Hey," the sergeant said, "I'll spring him now. Don't you want to see him?"

"No," said Margie, and broke into a run. Alfred would be free—free to marry Blanche.

She went down to the station, and ten minutes later the train came in. She got aboard and sat by herself. A tear rolled down one cheek.

"Whatsa matter, baby?" said a husky voice. She turned and saw she still had her cross to bear through life. She was now about to be consoled by a grinning, beefy, fourteen-stone male.

"If there's anything I can do for you, baby," the big man said, beaming toothily at her.

The train started with a jerk, running footsteps sounded in the aisle. A hatless, out-of-breath Alfred came in sight.

"Just made the train," he gasped. "Margie, Nap can have Blanche. I don't want her. I'm going home with you, Margie. I—I— hey, what's this?"

A note of steel came into his voice. He looked with icy eyes at Margie's would-be benefactor.

"This fellow bothering you?" said Alfred coldly. "I'll knock him through the window. Come on, you. Put up your hands."

The stranger stared down at Alfred, displaying fancy footwork within the confines of the aisle.

"Listen, half-pint," he began, and found himself dodging a left lead. "Okay, chum," he said hurriedly, "she's all yours."

Alfred watched him go into the next car, then sat down beside Margie, still breathing heavily.

"You frightened him off," Margie said. "Alfred, I'll never have to worry when you're around."

Alfred said, "I'll have to watch myself. I don't know my own strength. I wouldn't want to maim anyone."

Abruptly he thought of something else, and the belligerence faded from his blue eyes.

"Margie," he said, "I've only got half a lip to kiss you with."

"Half a lip," said Margie blissfully, "is decidedly better than none."

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Impossible Poodle

By MARGARET PULSFORD

FROM the moment Chris walked out of the pet shop with the poodle, peace walked out of her life. She had been exhorted to be careful, as Henri was full of life and excitable, so she carried him under her coat. Henri was inky black, eight months old, and small, but with his restless energy he was a tricky armful.

Chris was small as well. Moreover, she was carrying two laden shopping baskets. After debating whether she should do the shopping before collecting Henri or after, she had decided on before. She could not go out and leave the little dog alone so soon.

"Henri," Chris said, with a little sigh, "I hope you're a good dog!" And she was not thinking of pedigree. This had reposed in her desk since she had visited the shop five days before, and paid out a great many pounds for the poodle.

At the sound of her voice Henri opened his mouth and a long pink tongue appeared. He looked engaging, if not reassuring.

Well, anyway, a little girl like Pat was bound to be pleased with him. Chris had been asked by Sylvia, Pat's mother, to choose a poodle as a birthday present. To-morrow she was taking Henri to his permanent home.

A paper bag blew down the street, swollen with the wind. Around the corner came a large terrier in hot pursuit. It was too much for Henri. He gave a mad wriggle and was on the ground, chasing after the terrier and the bag, his emerald-green lead trailing.

"Oh!" Chris started in frantic pursuit, seeing her acquisition run over, lost, bitten to death by the terrier. Poor little toy-sized Henri! She was nearly crying.

Around the bend she found Henri shaking the paper bag and throwing it up in the air, while the terrier watched, dazed by the performance. Chris put her foot on the end of the lead and seized it.

"After that," she said, "you might as well walk."

The terrier shuffled off. Henri sat down and laughed.

"Come on!" Chris commanded. After reflection Henri rose and trotted daintily. They came to the main street and Chris could not find a taxi. There were a great many people about because it was mid-day. Unexpectedly Chris felt a heavy weight at the end of the leash. She turned.

Henri was reclining gracefully, his elegant forelegs extended and negligently crossed.

"Get up!" Chris wanted to laugh. But the little dog's eyes were black with determination. He did not intend to move.

In a flash there was a crowd, doting, sympathetic, entranced. A woman suddenly said loudly: "The poor little thing's frightened. It's a shame!" She glared aggressively at Chris.

Mercifully a taxi hove into view and Chris stumbled into it, gratefully. Henri lay on the bristly mat and looked up at her with twinkling eyes.

"Got a dog now," the caretaker observed as he opened the door of the lift for Chris.

"Only until to-morrow. He's a present for a friend's small daughter."

"Go on," said the caretaker.

A telegram lay on the mat at Chris' front door. She opened it and read: Don't buy poodle. Pat and I flying to England. Everything happened at once. Writing. Love, Sylvia.

Everything happened at once, Chris echoed bitterly. I'll say it did. She stared at Henri, who was watching her with a speculative air. The end of his tail flickered a trifle uncertainly.

"What am I going to do with you?" Chris inquired. "You'll have to go back."

Henri rolled his eyes and began to pant.

"Thirsty?" Distractedly Chris stopped to pat the small head and run her hand down the curly back.

The little dog drank some water, sniffed interestedly round the living-room, peered in a flabbergasted manner into the bathroom, returned and jumped on the best chair. When Chris came out of the kitchen Henri appeared to sleep.

"You're a darling," Chris said, silently. "I wish I could keep you. If only Mac and I were married I'd be home all day and I could look after you."

But the wedding was months away. Besides, there was Mac's new acquisition, Cassandra, an Airedale who had just had a litter of puppies and might, consequently, be even more nervous than Mac had suggested she was. Chris shivered as she realised that one snap from Cassandra and there'd be no more poodle. It was hopeless. Henri would have to go back at once.

In the midst of these reflections she saw that he was not asleep, but watching her out of one eye. She took him in her arms and at once Henri put his forepaws on her neck. A strange little whimpering sound, demanding love, came from his throat. Chris' heart began to ache.

"Poor little scrap," she said, "you're only a baby."

Henri's paws pressed tighter. Resolutely Chris placed the paws from her neck and said: "No, you'll have to go back."

Henri stayed very still in her arms and looked at her steadily. He believed he had found a new home and now he was going to be betrayed. A feeling of appalling guilt came over Chris.

"Perhaps they won't take you back," she said softly, both alarmed and hopeful. "Anyway, have some food first," she compromised, and went into the kitchen. He was at her heels in a flash, following every movement.

"Oh, don't go on as if you belonged to me," Chris wailed. "You wouldn't have anyway, you know."

Henri ate an enormous meal at incredible speed. Then when he realised they were going out he was enchanted and seized the valance of the armchair in his teeth from sheer joy. It gave way with a rending sound and a scrap of cretonne fell out of his mouth.

"Hey! I thought you were supposed to be civilised!" Chris accused. Henri whirled round several times, leaped madly on to the divan, pushed over a work-basket with his nose, and pounced on a pair of nylons.

"Don't!" yelled Chris, and delivered a mild slap. Henri retreated behind a chair.

"Oh, Henri!" Chris picked him up, holding the black head against her cheek. "I love you." In the same breath she thought of the pet shop and condemned herself as a traitor.

Walking across the park Henri behaved with decorum, accepting passing homage calmly. Chris wondered who would buy him next. Supposing he didn't get a good home!

For a long time she hesitated outside the shop while he sat upon his becurled haunches and stared up at her with an anxious, unwavering gaze. Chris steeled herself and stepped towards the door, an empty feeling in her heart. Henri whim-

pered and drew back.

That was the finish.

Chris headed for the park again at a run. He pranced beside her happily, and every time she looked at him she told herself she was a fool, seeing with incredulous eyes the hole his price was going to leave in the savings for her trousseau.

But it made no difference, and, anyway, such considerations were nothing beside the problems his presence presented. Her mind began to whirl. Could she find a dog-minder? Should she ask if Henri could come to the office? If the worst came to the worst she would give up all her lunch hours to his service.

In the flat she had an overwhelming desire for sympathy and support. She telephoned Mac.



Mac said fiercely, "Get up." Henri slithered a few inches and stopped.

"Darling!" The word darted towards her like a rescue squad. Mac would think of something, he'd understand. "I've been trying to phone you," he said. "Where have you been?"

"Coping with a poodle."

"A what?"

"A poodle. His name's Henri. He's here now and he's only a pup. I'm keeping him, Mac. You see . . ."

she began, and told him the whole story.

"Darling," he said at the conclusion, "be sensible. Any kind of dog would be impossible the way you're fixed, let alone a poodle."

She wanted to scream that it wasn't a case of being sensible, but of being enslaved. Forgetting she wanted succor, Chris rushed into the attack.

"I don't see why you say 'poodle' like that. I suppose if it had been an Airedale with puppies," she emphasised, "you'd have thought of something practical."

"The only practical thing to do," he said, "is to take him back to the pet shop."

"No, I can't." Her heart was wrenched all over again at the thought. "Besides, I don't suppose

they'd have him. I paid for him five days ago."

"Well, you can try."

Chris hauled Henri to her knees and felt the thrusting black nose.

"I can't," she said tearfully. "Poor little dog. He cried when I nearly went into the shop just now. I did try, Mac, but he wants to stay with me. He's saying so now."

"Then I'll do the job for you. What's the name of the shop?"

"I don't know." Behind this palpable untruth she retreated as behind an impregnable fortress.

"Oh, all right," he exploded, "I'll come round and see you."

During the interval she groomed Henri and prepared for further battles with Mac. He arrived, kissed her in an exasperated way, and said: "Come on, let's get this over. Where is the little beast?"

In another moment he was confronting Henri, who shook his tail and lolled out an interested tongue. Chris saw Mac's face soften and she said, quickly: "Isn't he sweet? I must keep him. I must."

"How?" Mac scratched Henri tentatively behind the ears.

"Oh, don't say how like that. I thought you loved me. Couldn't you keep him for me?"

"What about Cassandra? I told you she was inclined to be nervous and the pups are only eight days old."

"Cassandra!" she flared. "Cassandra! What an idiotic name for a dog, and why did you take her if she's so dangerous, and with the puppies and everything?"

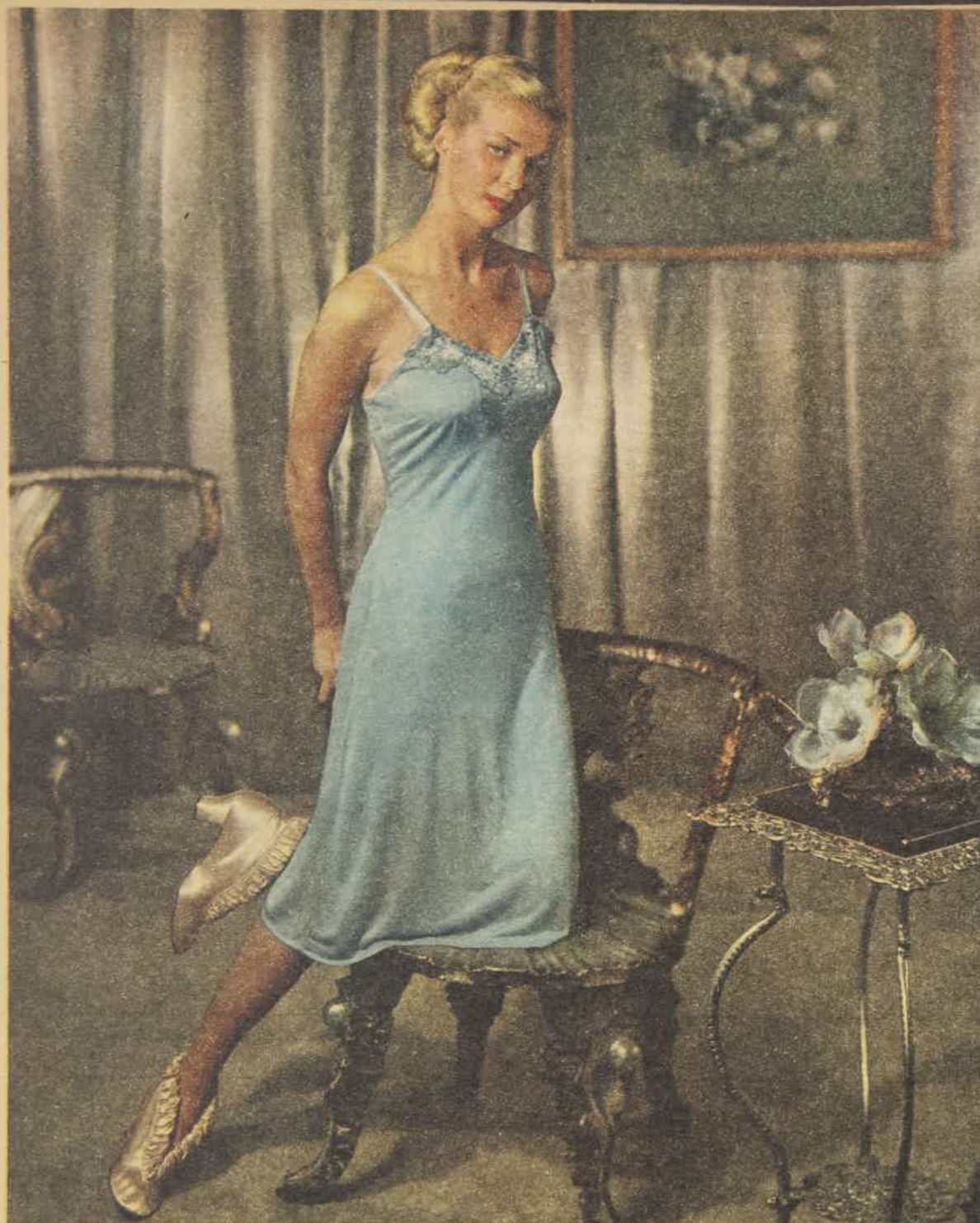
"She's not dangerous." He badly wanted to slap the love of his life. "But she hasn't settled down properly yet, and as for the puppies . . ." He raised his hands and smiled. "They can't be helped, and you'll love them."

The smile brought tears to her eyes and made her plead again. "But why should they even meet? You said Cassandra was out in a shed." She picked up Henri and brushed her eyelids on the soft, black curls.

Watching her, Mac was lost. "Oh, all right, if you want to take a chance. But don't cry, darling." He took her in his arms and kissed her. Henri joined in with feverish enthusiasm.

"Darling," Chris said. "Oh, darling, I do love you. I didn't mean it when I said you were a brute or Cassandra was horrid."

Please turn to page 10



EFFECTS BY DU BOULAY PTY. LTD.

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Donna K.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 6, 1948

THE CLIFFSIDE CASE



LIONEL HONEYMAN, about to be divorced by his attractive wife, POLLY, is found murdered in the grounds of Cliffside, home of wealthy EDGAR RUTHERFORD.

Present at Cliffside are Polly; OWEN SHELTON, in love with her; Dr. JOHNNY BARLOW and his fiancée, ELISE PRESTON; Edgar's cousin, FENELLA SHAW; SUNNY ELLIOT, housekeeper; TODD, the gardener.

INSPECTOR GROGAN, in charge of the case with DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, finds numerous complicating features, and proves most of the evidence given by those involved to be untrue or unsatisfactory.

A further complication is the matter of "Smith," a stranger who tried to contact Edgar just before the murder, and is now on board HUGH MEDLEY's houseboat with a bad attack of malaria. Edgar and Hugh are keeping his presence there secret, and Medley promises to let Edgar know when he recovers sufficiently to be able to talk.

NOW READ ON—

DINNER that night at Cliffside was a very uncomfortable affair. The day had been got through somehow, with tennis and swimming and the routine of meals. There had been drinks before luncheon, tea, and now dinner.

While Polly was dressing she had said to herself, I can't face them all again. I'll say I'm ill and ask Sunny to send me up something as I did at breakfast.

Sitting in front of her looking-glass she gave way to a mood as near to self-pity as she could ever get. She thought, It's worse for me, it hardly concerns the others, because the police clearly think that Owen and I shot Lionel . . .

And so they all do. Except one. Which one? . . .

She leaned her elbows on the table and dropped her head in her hands. I'll go mad if this lasts much longer, she thought. The strain of it all coming on top of those years with Lionel! Just when I thought I was going to find happiness at last. Now, everything, every relationship's been poisoned. I'm full of doubt and suspicion.

And so they all are. Except one. Which one? . . .

But after a while she had gathered

herself together, sat back, and lighted a cigarette.

Well, that's that, she told her reflection in the glass. Now I'll go down and behave like a civilised human being; talk to Elise as though I didn't know she hated the sight of me, listen to Fenella's sly insinuations and to poor old Sunny's floundering stupidities.

Suddenly she thought that after dinner she'd suggest to Owen that they take the dinghy and go over and pay a visit to the houseboat. There was something about Hugh Medley, she felt, that was strangely soothing.

She finished her dressing, putting on her public face with her charcoal-black frock and her scarlet lipstick.

When she opened her door Owen was standing waiting for her, smoking at the landing window. For a brief moment she was in his arms and then they went down to the dining-room together.

Dinner was almost at an end, and everyone on the point of leaving the table when Sunny said:

"Edgar, that poisoned hand of Todd's isn't any better."

Edgar looked up, coming out of his trance, and nodded towards Johnny. "You'd better tell him. He's the M.O. in charge."

Johnny said: "Oh, he's all right. I had a look at it this afternoon. He's making the most of it, naturally."

Sunny cracked a walnut, and the creases in her face deepened. She said: "It was only going to say that I don't think you should ask him to lay poison for the water rats while his hand's in that state."

"Did I ask him to?"

"He says so."

"Well, don't worry. His hand'll be better by the time he gets around to doing anything I tell him to."

"He says you've got some new stuff in your room that you want him to use. What is it?"

"Something I got in town. They say it's quick and deadly."

"Cyanide, probably," Johnny put in.

Johnny was studying the lantern. "Put a match to it if you want me," he said to Medley.

Sunny persisted: "Todd's so careless. If he opens that tin he's bound to get it in his sore finger, and the next thing we'll have him in hospital. That would be so inconvenient." She looked down the long table at Edgar, and rose. "Shall I tell him or you?"

"Tell him what?"

"That he needn't do it yet. A few days won't make any difference."

"All right, all right, just as you like."

As they were going to the drawing-room for coffee she spoke aside to Edgar: "You don't look very well, dear. Are you feeling all right?"

"What? Yes, I'm all right."

"If you've got a chill or anything you should get Johnny to give you something."

He laughed. "He'd be paying for his keep, wouldn't he? With me and Todd."

"Well, you know, you might as

well, with a doctor in the house."

He turned and looked at her thoughtfully, repeating her words. "A doctor in the house . . ."

Then he turned back from the drawing-room door. He said: "Well, I don't know . . . As a matter of fact, I don't feel too marvellous."

"There. I knew it! I felt you didn't look yourself."

"Oh, it's just a bit of a head. Don't think I'll bother about coffee."

"No, better take some aspirin and go to bed early."

"If you like you can suggest to Johnny that he come across and give me the once-over. Tell him quietly. You needn't make a song of it." He went through the vestibule over to his room.

When Johnny came up to the door of the look-out ten minutes later Edgar was pacing up and down waiting for him. The room for that it was comfortable, and much lived in, had strangely little character. There was nothing personal

lying about, not a picture on the white walls.

Edgar inhabited it like someone who'd just moved in, no yesterday, no to-morrow.

Johnny said pleasantly, stepping inside: "Sorry to hear you're not feeling too good, Edgar. Sunny said—"

"Oh, it's nothing much. I just feel a bit cheap. Have a brandy."

Johnny poured himself one and sipped it, standing. "It's this upset, I expect, this murder. Wouldn't blame anyone if they felt off color. A strain of this kind's bound to tune up small weaknesses—"

Edgar cut him short: "I'm not as sick as all that. There's nothing much wrong with me. But there is something I want to see you about."

Johnny sat down opposite him and rolled the brandy glass between the palms of his broad, freckled hands.

Edgar fidgeted, took a cigarette out of the box and lighted it. "As a matter of fact, I wanted to ask you a few questions about malaria. You were with the Army in the Pacific, weren't you?"

"I was. I certainly saw something of malaria in New Guinea. It was almost more of a headache there than the Japs."

"Yes. Well, if a bloke had a sharp attack—after the fever passes, how long should it be before he'd be up and about again?"

"Oh, well . . . one couldn't say that off-hand. That would depend on how bad the attack had been, the sort of temperature he'd run, and so on, the state of his health beforehand, too. One can't lay down any hard and fast rules."

"I see. If he were very low you could give him something, could you?"

"Yes, if he showed any signs of collapse, I'd give him an injection."

"Collapse?" Edgar went to the window, threw his cigarette out and came back again. "What are the symptoms of collapse?"

Johnny glanced across at him. "What's this got in aid of, Edgar? You haven't got malaria."

Edgar stood facing Johnny. He seemed to be struggling with an uncertainty. "Well, I'll tell you," he said at last. "You know the man that turned up here the night of the murder and went away again before I could find out what he wanted?"

"Your mysterious visitor, 'Smith'?"

"Yes. Well, it seems that after he left here he walked along the beach and ran into Medley."

"Medley? The bloke on the dere-lict houseboat?"

"That's right. He had a malaria attack coming on—'Smith' had—and Medley took him on board to give him a whisky and—"

"Worst thing he could have done, incidentally."

"And he took very sick that night and stayed there." He walked to the window again and back. "He's still there," he ended.

"What?" Johnny got up out of his chair and stood, glass in hand, staring at Edgar. "You mean to say he's still around? Over there? Anchored out in the bay?"

"That's so."

"Has he told you what he came to say?"

"Actually, no."

"Didn't you ask him?"

"No, he's been too sick."

Johnny ran his hand through his sandy hair. He stammered: "But—have you thought what you're letting us all in for?"

"I know, I know. The point is, he's sick. Medley's looked after him and I've given him atabrin twice."

"What do you know about it?"

"Only what I remember from my own experience."

Johnny's pale lashes hid his eyes. "Do you think," he said after a minute's oddly dead silence, "Do you think this—this 'Smith' shot Honeyman?"

"I don't know; I haven't any idea. He went on board about ten. Medley's hazy as to the exact time."

"And if he should get worse and collapse and die no one would ever know or be able to prove whether he did it or not?" Johnny looked at Edgar searchingly. "Why are you doing this, Edgar? Why are you keeping him there instead of informing the police?"

Edgar said easily: "I see I'll have to put my cards on the table. Either 'Smith' did bump off Honeyman—some private feud or other, don't ask me why—in which case I think it's only humane to look after him till he's in a fit state to stand police questioning, or someone else shot him and—"

"Hold on, who do you mean by someone?"

EDGAR burst out impatiently. "Do you want me to dot every i and cross every t? I may have my suspicions, you may have yours. Let's leave it at that. I simply say that if someone had the bad luck to cause Honeyman's death—perhaps in a scuffle for possession of his gun—it's a very good idea to keep the police on a false scent by concealing 'Smith' indefinitely. The absent are always guilty."

"I see . . . yes, I see . . . indefinitely."

Edgar went to the table and poured another drink. He drank half of it and turned again. "What I'm asking you to do is to come over now and have a look at him and, if necessary, prescribe. If he should be as crook as he seems I'd just as soon I had a doctor to him."

Johnny took another drink, too. "I'll come," he said. "Yes, I'll come."

"About this injection?"

"I don't know yet if he needs it." "Look, Johnny, there's one thing I've been trying to avoid, and that's drawing attention to the houseboat by too much running to and fro, so you'd better get this stuff and have it with you when we go over."

"That means going to town to the hospital for it."

"Well, it'll only take you an hour or so. You can tell Elise that you've got to see the man that you went to town the other night to see. Tell her not to meet you, that you don't know how late you'll be, and I'll be waiting for you with the dinghy round about half-past nine."

Johnny went off. He had a few words with Elise and caught the boat to Circular Quay.

Edgar opened the evening paper and sat down to wait for him. A few minutes later he lowered it, hearing steps on the path outside.

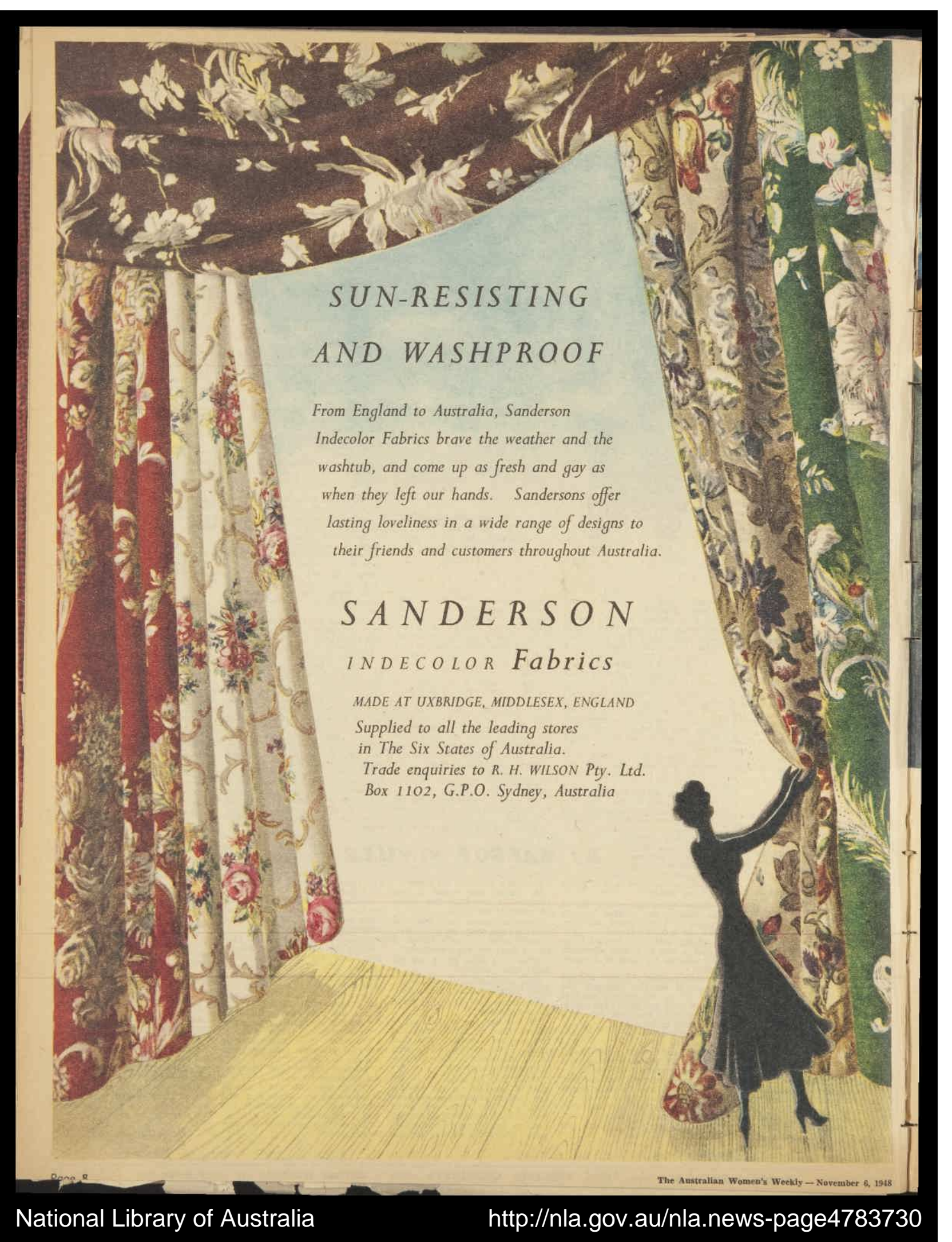
Polly appeared in the doorway, like a dusky shadow in her black frock against the last glimmer of the green sky.

Please turn to page 15

Page 7

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 5, 1948

Smoke **ABDULLA** — the **PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTE** with a British tradition of excellence.



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High Hat

By LAUREL PASCAL



approvingly. Their owner stroked his luxuriant silky moustache. He'd grown it in the Air Force and retained it ever since. His eyes and his moustache had made a very bad impression on Edward when he'd been called in on an auditing job by Compton and Compton.

"The man's a boulder," he'd said. Sally had been annoyed. Apart from a few compliments and repeated invitations to lunch, Mr. Charles Compton had been blameless.

Now he said, "Have a nice lunch, Miss Hislop?"

"Lovely, thank you," Sally lied. She'd met Edward and he'd taken her to his favorite serve-yourself snack bar called by Sally the "Clattery Bang" on account of the tin-tray pandemonium.

"When are you going to have lunch with me?" Mr. Compton demanded.

"Ah, that will be the day!" smiled Sally saucily.

"Anyone would think I was an ogre," grumbled Mr. Compton.

"Oh, no," Sally said fervently, thinking of The Hat. She wondered what Mr. Compton would think if he saw her wearing it. He'd never seen her in anything but her office clothes. Would he be surprised that she could look so pretty?

"Still going strong with the brainy accountant type?" asked Mr. Compton.

Sally frowned, then she smiled. It was really very hard to be cross with Mr. Compton. He had such a twinkle in his eye, and except for the moustache he was terribly good-looking.

"I'm ready for dictation, Mr. Compton," she said demurely.

Sally's mother said The Hat was a dream and suited Sally as though it had been made for her. What's more, Mrs. Hislop didn't ask how much it had cost. Mrs. Hislop was big, handsome, and happy, and wanted other people to be happy, too. Especially Sally.

"Do you think Edward will like it?" Sally asked, prouetting in front of her bedroom mirror. There was a faint note of doubt in her voice.

"Edward?" chuckled Mrs. Hislop. "I'll knock him cold."

Sally doubted more than ever. Mother and Edward were like oil and water. When they'd first met Mother had said, "Dry old stick!"

Edward had said nothing about Mrs. Hislop, which was worse. Now there was a kind of armed neutrality. And Mrs. Hislop would say, every now and again, "You'll get over him!" as though he were an attack of measles or mumps.

Sally tried The Hat with her best blue suit and it looked awful. She tried it with her black coat and it looked ludicrous. The Hat was in the habit of associating with the best and The Hat knew it. So did Sally now it was too late.

She told her mother about the suit in the mauve window, and the cobweb blouse.

"I've a good mind to buy them," she said recklessly, "out of the money I've saved . . ."

"Why don't you, dear?" Mrs. Hislop said comfortably. "Now's the time to enjoy pretty things—while you're young!"

"Oh—Mother," wailed Sally, "you are wicked."

Mrs. Hislop laughed. "Here's five pounds to help you along. What's money compared to happiness?"

The Hat greeted the suit and the blouse with the fervor of an old friend. The trio translated Sally from a pretty little thing into a "whoever is she?" glamor girl.

But they left an awful hole in her savings account and a certain gnawing doubt as to Edward's reactions.

Sally wore them for the first time on her birthday. She wore them to the office because Edward was taking her out in the evening.

Dinner and a picture of her own choosing. That showed how much he really loved her, Sally told herself. Because Edward hated dining in town on account of the expense. And he hated practically all films because of what he called their "sticky sentiment."

Sally sat pounding her typewriter with only half her mind on the job. The other half was divided between The Hat and her new clothes, Edward and Mr. Compton. It was a pity he wasn't in yet and so had missed the full effect of his transformed secretary.

Mr. Compton came surging into the office. He tossed Sally a gay good-morning, and then stopped in his tracks and stared. His eyes expressed admiration and something else.

"Not getting married or anything, are you?" he demanded.

"Of course not," Sally smiled.

He immediately relaxed. "You look terrific. Lunching with me today?"

The look he was giving her now was one her favorite film star bestowed on the lady of his dreams. Sally felt a curious flutter in the region of her heart.

She regretfully shook her head. "I'm sorry, but you see—"

"That accountant type again?"

She nodded, not very happily. Surely Edward wouldn't take her to the "Clattery Bang"—not on her birthday, not in The Hat?

Mr. Compton looked across. "I'm sure Mr. Whats-it is a very worthy young man, but are you sure he's your type? And how do you know if you never give anyone else a chance?"

Sally looked at him as severely as her soft lips and dimpled chin would allow.

Mr. Compton went into his room and slammed the door. He opened it at once and said, "What about tonight, then? Dinner and dance?"

Again that flutter! "Sorry, Mr. Compton, but—"

The door slammed so that the glass rattled. Like a naughty little boy. Sally smiled to herself. But she would have given quite a lot to have been able to comfort Mr. Compton without upsetting Edward.

Edward called for Sally at twelve-thirty sharp.

Sally held her breath with excitement. What would he say? Would he tell her that she looked sweet and desirable?

Edward simply said, "Have to rush lunch. I'm afraid. Prensahms have called me in on an urgent job. I'm going round there as soon as we've eaten. Sounds pretty exciting."

Sally stared at him with hostile eyes. Revolt seethed in her soul. He hadn't so much as given her or her clothes a single admiring glance. He'd even ignored The Hat. And he hadn't said "Many Happy Returns" or "Happy Birthday!"

"Come on," he said, taking her arm.

Sally looked at him, completely disillusioned. His mind was full of figures—pounds, shillings, and pence, and by the route they were taking he was obviously bound for the "Clattery Bang."

Please turn to page 28

THE HAT lived in an exclusive salon in a pale mauve window with a blouse woven from cobwebs and a suit inspired by pale rain-drenched mignonette.

Sally glimpsed The Hat one morning as she hurried along to her office, and didn't believe it. She stopped dead in her tracks and went back.

The shop was more of a temple than a place of commerce. Pale grey walls, dark grey carpet, alabaster urns of luscious white lilac.

An assistant sailed forward; thin eyebrows expressive of polite doubt. Was madam wishing to see something?

"The Hat," Sally said faintly.

The black eyes looked her up and down, discounting the off-the-rack two-piece and shrewdly noting the delectable lines of the figure beneath it. And the face—but yes, the face was worthy of The Hat.

But would the purse prove adequate? The assistant shrugged her elegant shoulders.

"A model," she murmured reverently.

Sally sat in a silk-curtained alcove, looking at her scared face in a mirror supported by fat, gilt cupids. She combed through her hair and almost groaned aloud. The assistant terrified her, so did the shop—and The Hat—well, The Hat would cost a small fortune.

The assistant floated behind Sally

"I'll take it," Sally said to the assistant, who hovered behind her admiringly.

and held The Hat above her head as though about to crown her Queen of the May. Sally held her breath.

"There!" Sally stared and the black eyes stared.

Indubitably The Hat was as enamored of Sally as Sally was enamored of The Hat.

"Charming," breathed the assistant.

"How much?" gasped Sally.

The assistant sighed. For a hat such as this, one had to pay much money.

And yet—having seen the hat on Sally it would be tragic—yes, tragic—to have to sell it to a customer with a face thirty years too old for it. Alas! That was life, that was business. The assistant sighed and named a price.

Sally went very pale. "I'll take it," she whispered.

The black eyes glittered. "It will bring you good fortune."

Would it, Sally wondered, going off with The Hat packed in a white box lettered in gold. Would it give Edward a jolt, make him really look at her as though he loved her? Would it, could it wake Edward up, so that he made love to her the way her favorite stars made love on the films?

If The Hat brought about such things it would turn out an investment in happiness, instead of a wild extravagance.

But it would never do to let Edward know how much it had cost. Edward was an accountant and counting the cost seemed to have seeped from his pen into his blood.

If Sally hadn't loved Edward she might have thought him mean. But loving him and knowing him she realised the great worth of his character. Edward was the saving type—saving for their future home together.

Well, wasn't that a worthy object for small sacrifices? The seat in the gallery instead of the dress circle or even the stalls? The tram or bus, instead of a taxi, no matter how late or cold or wet it might be?

Sally arrived back at the office half an hour late. Through the glass partition of the communicating door she could see her boss sitting in his sanctum.

Sally popped The Hat in her cupboard and smiled indulgently. If you searched the world you wouldn't find a greater contrast to Edward than Charles Compton of Compton and Compton Ltd.

Edward was careful—Mr. Compton careless. Edward was serious and precise—Mr. Compton had a merry eye and a lack of system. Edward was tall and thin—Mr. Compton was . . .

He rang his bell. Sally took up her notebook and entered his room.

The merry blue eyes rested on her

Line & Loveliness

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'neath summer frocks

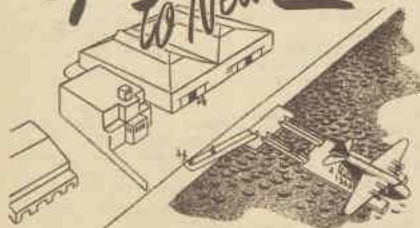


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Impossible Poodle

Continued from page 5

MAC laughed. "Skip it. We can just be back in time for dinner. I warned mother you might be coming, and with a poodle."

"You did!" She was radiant. "I believe you thought it all out in advance," she accused, tenderly.

"Perhaps!" He kissed her again. "Well, come along!"

They had not walked many yards before Chris felt a familiar weight on the end of the leash. Henri was sitting down, regarding her benignly but stubbornly.

"He did that this morning," she giggled. "He won't move." She bent down to pick up the small form.

"No, don't do that. Make him move." Mac took the lead, assuming the demeanor of one without peer in mastering dogs. "Get up," he said firmly.

Henri stayed where he was.

"Get up," Mac repeated, but this time with ferocity, as he began to pull the lead. Henri slithered a few inches. He pulled again, and the poodle slithered a few more. "Can't you control your dog?" he asked Chris, disconcerted by defeat.

For answer, Henri recrossed the paws that had been disturbed by Mac's heavings.

"He won't do anything he doesn't want to do," Chris was complacent as she picked him up.

"The sooner he learns obedience the better," Mac was full of dark disapproval.

"Darling, he belonged to an actress. You can't expect him to be disciplined, and after all, Cassandra isn't obedient. You said so yourself."

"She was owned by an author,"

Mac said gloomily, and they laughed.

Mac's mother was enchanted with Henri and held him on her lap.

"He's beautifully behaved," she kept saying, "so sweet. Of course you didn't want to part with him, the gentle little thing."

Chris was gratified but uneasy. Henri's eyes with their wicked white corners were glancing round the room, bright with mischief.

Mac brought in some sherry and Mrs. Wendover put Henri down. "Sit there, my pet,"

she said. Henri sat, but presently he began capering up and down the room. Mrs. Wendover was bewitched. "Look at him, the little darling, so full of life!"

Unexpectedly, Henri gave a jump and seized the end of a table-runner in his mouth and pulled. A silver cigarette box and a china bowl fell upon his surprised head.

"Naughty, naughty!" Mrs. Wendover cried. "Oh, dear, my precious possessions!"

Chris picked up Henri. "Perhaps he'd better go into the kitchen. I'm so sorry he's such a nuisance."

"The bowl's not broken, dear, but perhaps Louise had better look after him while we have dinner."

"Well, I never," Louise said, in a dumfounded way as Henri was led into the kitchen. "Whatever is it? One of them French poodles? Well I never, it ought to be on wheels." Her kindly old face creased with amusement.

"You don't mind looking after him?" Chris asked, loving Louise.

"Bless me, no. Come and sit down by the fire, love. My, I don't know what our Cassandra is going to make of you," she announced, unwittingly causing Chris a sharp pang of anguish.

In between courses, Louise brought bulletins about Henri, and Chris was confident again. All was going well, and after dinner Mac said: "You'll

have to come out and meet Cassandra after dinner, darling. It's not so cold and there's a full moon."

"But we won't take Henri until to-morrow," she suggested, apprehensively.

"No, we'll leave that until the morning."

Secretly Chris was dreading meeting Cassandra, but she smiled heroically and went to get her coat. Coming back into the sitting-room she was aware of a disturbance. Mac and his mother and also Louise stood in a little group.

"Darling," Mac turned to her. "Don't worry, but Henri's missing. Apparently he followed Louise when she went out to post a letter. When she tried to catch him, he ran away."

"Which way did he go?" Chris said, trying to keep calm through her awful visions of Cassandra mistaking Henri for a menace to her young and gruesomely destroying him. "Oh, Mac, we must find him quickly."

Outside the night was intensely black and the wind blew with a cold, wet strength.

"What's happened to the moon?" Chris quavered.

Mac took her arm. "It'll be out again in a minute."

"Do you think," she said, her teeth chattering, "Cassandra's gone for him?"

"He probably hasn't found her. The shed is right at the end of the yard."

Chris strained her eyes, unable to distinguish anything, as they went on. In another minute a rim of moon shone

out from behind a cloud, revealing the shed. The door was half open and Chris could see Cassandra standing there, watchful, with her head lowered.

"Oh!" Chris said, and stood still. "Oh, she looks guilty. She's done something." In her heart she said: "She's killed Henri."

"Ssh!" Mac hissed, and called softly: "Cass, old girl, Cass!"

Cassandra only turned her head to look back to where the puppies lay. Chris found herself going forward, clinging to Mac's hand, and sick with apprehension. She felt as though already she held the little limp body of Henri in her arms.

Mac held out his hand and touched Cassandra, who raised her muzzle in response.

"How goes it?" he said. "Where's Henri?" Chris asked on a high, thin note. "Henri!" she repeated.

A faint yap answered her. Feverishly she flung the shed door wide open and stepped inside, feeling Cassandra brush by her legs as she did so. For a moment she stared unbelievably.

Stretched out on the edge of a pile of sacking was Henri, his chin on his crossed paws, his eyes gleaming at her. Cassandra stood above him, and, as Chris watched, the big dog bent her head and gave Henri's curls a small lick. Then she lowered herself carefully and arranged her body to receive her pups.

Henri watched this manoeuvre with intent interest and shifted himself a little closer.

Behind her, Chris heard Mac say: "Great Scott, he's one of the family already."

As if in agreement Henri flapped his tail, while Cassandra regarded him with the mournful and purely feminine look of a woman resigned to undertaking yet another responsibility.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



PROFESSOR L. PENSON
... scholastic appointment

DISTINGUISHED scholar Professor Lillian M. Penson has been made Vice-Chancellor of London University. She was Dean of the Faculty of Arts from 1938 to 1944, has been a member of the Senate since 1940. As Vice-Chancellor she will preside at meetings of the University Senate, be a member of all Senate committees. She will not give up post of Professor of Modern History at Bedford College, which she has held since 1930.



MR. DAVID WEBSTER
... Covent Garden post

VARIED career has brought Scottish Mr. David Webster to Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, as new General Administrator. A brilliant economics student at Liverpool University, he entered business world and rose to be general manager of a leading city store as well as chairman of Liverpool Philharmonic Society. During the war he won further laurels combating absenteeism in munitions factories. He is an amateur producer of note.



MISS PEG MCGILL
... Convair hostess

ATTRACTIVE Peg McGill, a former Waaaf, is Supervisor of Hostess Instruction for Trans-Australia Airlines. She went to London, and returned to Australia as hostess of the first of the new Convairs to bring British migrants. Four Convairs will carry nearly 100 migrants between them. Miss McGill joined T.A.A. two years ago. She served five years in the W.A.A.F., and when she left the Service was a Flight-officer.

★ These are dresses to solve the problem of the office girl through the hot months. They have matching jackets, to give a dressed-up look for dinner or cocktail dates, or to cover a dressy frock when they come to town in the mornings.

OFFICE GIRL...



● The blue-and-white printed crepe, above, has a wide, cool, open neckline, tiny sleeves outlined with crisp white. For the dressed-up look add the brief bolero jacket tying on with a huge soft bow at the neck.

● A plain fairly heavy crepe makes a simply-cut dress with low neck and sequin-encrusted shoulders, lovely for dining or cocktails. Cover it with a dressy jacket with a double peplum and high pushed-up collar.

● Another version is done, above, in brown-and-white check and makes a feature of four deep box pleats for skirt fullness and the neckline of the jacket rolled low to the waist to show white linen front, detachable for easy laundering.



Second instalment

PARADE in Red Square, Moscow, celebrating the anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution.

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina—The Great Purge

Months of terror when thousands disappeared without trial

BEFORE my husband was swept under by the great purge, it hit my sister Anya. She lived next door to our house with her husband, Stefan, who was employed as a telegrapher at the railroad station.

Until April, 1937, they were a happy young couple in their twenties. Anya, who was many years younger than I, being next to the last of the seven sisters, was as pretty as a doll.

Her husband came from a lowly proletarian family of laborers, and my parents had felt that Anya did not make a good match. But a close relationship with a working-man's clan was generally regarded as insurance against persecution.

Then one day, out of the blue, the N.K.V.D. descended upon Anya's husband and dragged him away as he protested his innocence.

Anya was found sobbing and shrieking in the street after the arrest, and was brought to our home by neighbors, who tried to calm her. The event crushed us all. It was a portent.

What was Anya's husband guilty of? The word for it was *stuzh*—a tie.

If the N.K.V.D. found a tie between a confessed counter-revolutionary and a casual acquaintance, if the two had been observed in conversation on the street or in a tea-room, that was enough to land the acquaintance in the net.

The terror fed on suspicion and denunciation. Protégés of purged officials were rounded up and seldom came back.

We knew Anya's husband to be absolutely innocent of any disloyalty to the Soviet Government. But we never saw him again. He was shipped off to the northern camps near the Arctic Circle.

Later we learned from an inmate of the same camp, who was fortunate enough to survive and be returned home, that Stefan had died from hunger and cold there.

During the second half of April, following the seizure of Stefan, the iron claws of the N.K.V.D. reached into the schools. Teachers who had toiled all their lives, who had created and kept their institutions going in the most trying times, would be arrested and vanish without trace.

One day my husband Demyan came home and reported: "They took three away to-day. I'm afraid they'll be after me, too."

We talked over the advisability of Demyan's absenting himself from town under some pretext until things quietened down. There were some who saved their lives in this manner.

But there was no place in his home village that would provide safety.

Synopsis

IN the first instalment of her life story, Mrs. Kasenkina, the Russian schoolteacher who jumped from the window of the Soviet Consulate in New York, told of the early days of the new regime in Russia, when she and her husband, Demyan, were teachers there.

Because he had served as an officer of the Czar's army in World War I, Demyan was regarded with suspicion and constantly interrogated by local authorities.

The Kasenkinas and their son Oleg survived the famine caused by the Five Year Plan's collectivization of the farms, only to find themselves faced with the perils of the Great Purge that resulted from quarrels within the Red oligarchy.

NOW READ ON:

On that fateful night, towards the end of April, I returned home from school about 7 o'clock in the evening. My husband arrived soon after.

We sat down to the table. My husband was morose. He announced:

"To-day they took the director himself away." We gasped.

Demyan was teaching in the technical institute. After a while he added: "And the teacher of geography, too."

I knew that geography instructor well. He was a veteran educator, with a large family, and very popular. Shocked, I exclaimed:

"Why? Why him?"

"What a question from you! Don't you know what's going on?" Demyan rejoined sharply.

My sister Anya was sobbing. Sensing our mood, she got up and left.

I made the bed for Oleg. His little room was filled with cactus plants which my mother cultivated.

We occupied, together with my parents, their four-room cottage. My mother's hobby had always been flowers, and I inherited my interest in botany from her.

I had ten palms in the house. Whenever there was need in town of flowers for a wedding or a funeral or some festival, the organizer would come to mother.

My husband and I went to work to prepare the next day's lessons and tests for the coming examination period. We were still at it after midnight, where there was a sudden knock at the back door.

It was 12.30. "Open the door, it's the N.K.V.D.," came a voice from outside.

Demyan started for the door.

"No," I said tremblingly. "I'll go." I pointed to the front door, indicating to my husband that perhaps it might be best for him to try to get away.

He shook his head and whispered, "It's no use, they always surround a house."

My father, awakened, was at the door ahead of me. He let in three officers of the N.K.V.D. They cut his question short and sent the old man back to his room.

"We have orders to take you away," the chief of the trio turned to Demyan when they entered our room, as he produced a search warrant.

"Why didn't you come in the morning or in the daytime?" I snapped at the officers. "Did you have to do it in the middle of the night?"

"That's our affair," the officer in charge shot at me. "Mind your own business, and don't talk so much."

The three started on a methodical and minute search of all our belongings. First they went through all the books and papers, looking for counter-revolutionary material, of which there was none.

But they did find in my desk an old letter from my sister Eugenia in England dealing with family matters, and which I had foolishly saved.

For the N.K.V.D. hounds a letter from a foreign country was a prize indeed.

Demyan, who had kept his poise, was now visibly disturbed. He gave me a reproachful look as if saying:

"Why, oh why, did you have to keep it?"

My boy Oleg woke up while the N.K.V.D. officers were conducting their search, turning everything in our rooms topsy-turvy.

They dug up our nest-egg, 1200 roubles roughly £200, the accumulation of our years of teaching in and out of regular hours and seasons.

"Why so much money?" the chief asked.

I told him that it represented our savings of a lifetime spent in educating the children of the people.

No gold, not even a single gold ring, was found in the house.

The N.K.V.D. is ever on the lookout for gold, the possession of which is strictly forbidden. But they did find some silver spoons.

"Huh," they sneered, "you've even got some silver put away."

"Take it," I flung at them.

But they did not touch the silver or the money. And they found nothing of a political nature that would incriminate my husband.

Nevertheless, they ordered him to get ready to go with them.

"Do you know whom you are taking away?" my boy burst out. "My papa is an honest teacher and never did any wrong!"

"Shut up, you milkop," the N.K.V.D. leader bellowed, "or we'll go after you, too."

I tried to shame the men. "Stop



SOVIET TRIAL. Judges and prosecutor in case against sixteen German war criminals. Thousands of the Soviet's own citizens disappeared without trial in the purges of the '30's.

and think what you are doing, grabbing innocent people, your own kind!"

They laughed and told me to hold my tongue. Then they handed me a paper to sign, that the search had been properly conducted, I scrawled my signature on it.

Although it was springtime, I gave my Demyan a heavy overcoat to take along. He was at first disinclined to take it, and tried to reassure us, but I had a premonition of evil.

"It's all a misunderstanding," Demyan said as he was bidding us good-bye, "I'm sure it will be cleared up and I will return soon."

They led him away. There was no sleep the rest of the night. At dawn, at six o'clock that morning, I was already at the headquarters of the N.K.V.D.

How shocked I was to find a whole column of women outside the building, some of them weeping, all there to inquire for a husband or father or brother or son who had been seized in the night.

"There's no use waiting," the

guard kept repeating to the anxious line. "There'll be no information to-day. Go home."

After a while the women dispersed. I remained and stuck to my place.

"I won't leave here until I see the head man himself," I boldly declared over and over again, defying arrest.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I was finally asked by the guard.

"I won't tell you—I want to see the head man."

One of the commanding officers of the N.K.V.D. eventually became aware of my argument with the guard.

I heard him say: "A brave woman. Who is she?" I gave the guard my name.

"Kasenkina, eh?" he greeted me as I was ushered into the presence of the head man.

"You want to know about your husband? A cultured man. He was no trouble at all. He has already signed a paper confessing to everything."



SISTER, Mrs. Eugenia Robertson, who married a British officer during World War I, and is now a widow, arrives in New York from England to see Mrs. Kasenkina for the first time in 30 years.



EMOTIONAL REUNION of the two sisters. Each was unaware that the other was still alive until Mrs. Kasenkina's leap from a window in the Russian Consulate put her into the world's headlines.

"Allow me to say that you are lying," I retorted quickly. "Demyan never confessed to anything, because he is not a criminal, and I don't believe he ever signed such a paper."

"And if he is a criminal, why don't you put him on trial? Why don't you let me see the charges against him? What is it all about, this hounding of an honest teacher?"

"Forget your husband," the N.K.V.D. man advised with a mocking smile. "He's an enemy of the people. And you're a good teacher."

"Your father is a railroad man. Stop seeking interviews, and forget your husband. He's already been shipped to Artemovsk. And you've still got your looks. Go and marry another man."

Artemovsk, formerly known as Bakhmut, was some 50 miles away from our town.

I found a woman whose husband had been arrested earlier and who had been to Artemovsk.

Then I had to feign sickness in my school so that the authorities would not know of the real reason for my absence. I was determined to get to Demyan and to fight his case through.

In the course of the next three weeks I made three separate trips to the Artemovsk prison. I learned that after filing an application there one had to wait for one's turn in alphabetical order.

Our initial "K" would not be reached for quite a while, I was told, so enormous was the N.K.V.D. catch.

I found myself in line, however, with the wife of the director of another school.

She was informed that her husband was in the hospital, and the guard delivered to her a bundle of linen to take home. It was soaked in sweat and blood.

She picked up her husband's shirt and on the neckband, lettered in blood, was this message:

"Pray, save us. I swear I'm innocent. I beg anyone in authority to save me."

I saw this message with my own eyes. The tormented woman took the shirt and travelled to Moscow with it, seeking justice.

She thought she would get to Vyshinsky himself, the chief prosecutor. In a week she came back empty-handed.

My second trip to Artemovsk, in an effort to visit Demyan or to learn something about his fate, was also futile. I discovered that it would take four days before all the sentences of those with the initial "K" were announced.

On my third visit I brought a bundle of linen for Demyan, but the gaolers refused to accept it.

"Away with you. It won't be needed!" a guard shouted at me.

My heart sank. There was bedlam in the prison waiting-room, mostly filled with screaming and wailing women.

Then there would be a hush when the announcer came in to read out: "So-and-so, dead. So-and-so to the Naryn Camps. So-and-so in the hospital. So-and-so to an isolation camp."

After an interminable period, I heard him say:

"Demyan Nikitch, Kasenkina—to the Far Eastern Camps."

I was sure it was a subterfuge, and that my husband had been executed.

From the moment my husband, Demyan, was arrested, people began to shy away from me.

To be seen with a member of the family of an "enemy of the people"—and that was the badge of dishonor conferred upon every victim of the purge—meant to expose oneself to suspicion, surveillance, and jeopardy.

I became an untouchable to my colleagues and neighbors, except to those women whose husbands or sons had also been seized.

After my three weeks of futile efforts to get to Demyan in the hope of saving him, when I had become convinced that he was gone for good, I faced the trying choice which millions of other Russian wives and mothers had to make:

To continue to cry for justice on the theory that Demyan had not been "liquidated," or to bury the great pain within me, to keep silent about the fate of my husband for the sake of at least saving the future of my only son, Oleg.

My parents even reproached me for not going to Moscow to seek a review of the case of Demyan. But I knew others who had done so, knocking at the doors of the new bureaucrats, and getting nothing

but rebuffs and sneers from the masters of the purge.

And I felt that Demyan himself would have wanted me to devote the remainder of my life to our boy, knowing full well that safety for Oleg lay in expunging as quickly as possible the memory of his "counter-revolutionary" father.

As teachers, we knew only too well the almost insuperable difficulties in securing an education and making a career which were put in the path of a lad whose father bore the mark of a citizen disloyal to the Soviet regime.

Many wives whose husbands had been rounded up in the purge and shipped off to distant labor camps did receive cards from somewhere

Political seduction of youth

along the route telling of the prisoners' destination.

It was a common occurrence to pick up such cards or letters dropped along the railroad tracks from prison trains, with pleas to mail them. I never received any kind of a message from Demyan, and this confirmed me in my belief that he had been put to death.

Moreover, upon my return from Artemovsk, where I besieged the local gaol, his last-known abode, a new kind of terror stared me in the face—the Komsomol had during my absence reached out for Oleg.

The N.K.V.D. had established a special branch in the Komsomol—the Young Communist League—for the political seduction or conversion of the adolescent children of purged parents.

One purpose was to use the youngsters as spies for ferreting out information about how a family reacted to the purging of a father or brother.

The authorities wanted to know, "Are they criticizing the Soviet Government in so-and-so's home?"

After all, it was the same Komsomol which had trained children to denounce their parents as counter-revolutionaries.

My boy was not at home the night I returned from Artemovsk. I learned that he had been lured to the Komsomol club, where the Young Communists would take him in hand.

This operation was called: *pere vospitat* — to remake.

Late that night Oleg, who had never liked alcohol, was brought home by some Komsomols in an intoxicated state, and I found him in a stupor on our verandah.

If the boy, who was only sixteen, had that evening uttered some criticism against the government for what it had done to his innocent father, he would have been doomed himself.

That happened to many lads whose tongues were loosened. They were sent off to reformatories, which was really the first stage to a convict labor battalion, and then to a concentration camp.

Oleg was a talented musician. I had given him my violin, which I enjoyed playing, and the Komsomol inner set flattered him and gave him opportunities to perform in the clubhouse.

Also, he was good at drawing. He

was invited to design posters, and this appealed to him. My anxiety was growing daily. We had not raised our son to be a Communist.

One day the director of his school called me to report that Oleg was absent that day. I went to look for the boy, and found him in the Komsomol headquarters.

"Olya, why aren't you in school?" I asked.

"Mamochka, pardon me," he answered, "they gave me an assignment, and I had to fulfil it."

I decided then and there that to save my boy I would have to leave town with him for good. His education was being neglected and perverted.

To add salt to my wounds, Oleg returned one evening all in tears. The young scoundrels had stolen the violin I had given him, and which he cherished. And my loneliness made my heavy burden even heavier.

The last drop in my cup was the way my mother was going to pieces over the plight of her two daughters whose husbands had been snatched away.

She had been especially attached to my Demyanchik. She became sick and began to brood. Often, sitting at the window, she would suddenly call out:

"Look, look, here comes Demyan. Now he's peering into the window."

I decided that the province of Moscow would be the most desirable district for us to settle in. I then had relatives in Moscow itself.

Continued on page 20



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WHITE BRASSIERES

DAINTY AS A SUMMER ROSE

POLLY said in

her quiet voice that sounded casual under all conditions—she'd learnt to keep it so in the last years: "I'm sorry to hear you're not feeling well, Edgar."

He got up. "Thanks, it's nothing to speak of."

"Sunny says your head's aching or something."

"Oh, Sunny loves to fuss. You mustn't take any notice of her."

He pushed a chair forward. "Sit down. Smoke?" She took a cigarette, and he lit it. "Have a brandy?"

"No, thanks, I'm not going to stay. I really only looked in to ask if you were going fishing to-night?"

"Fishing?"

"The moon's so good, I thought you might."

"No, I don't think so. Hadn't thought of it."

"Then it'll be all right, will it, if Owen and I take the dinghy to go over to the houseboat?"

"The houseboat?"

She couldn't miss the sharpness in his tone and answered it with a surprised glance. "Yes, I thought we'd pay a call on Hugh Medley."

"Did you? Well, I wouldn't advise you to."

"Why not?"

"Maybe you don't know him as well as I do. He won't welcome you."

"Really? The few times I've met him I've found him so kind and pleasant."

"Yes, but at this hour—not expecting you. He's a pretty solid drinker, you know."

She laughed. "Why, then, we'll drink with him."

Edgar didn't look amused. He said: "If you want to get out for a blow, why don't you take the launch and all go round the harbor?"

"All? Meaning that you'd like to have Cliffside to yourself for a few hours?"

"No, I mean—"

"Thanks! Speaking for myself, I would have gone back to town long ago. You know it's not my fault that I'm still here."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be inhospitable. I only meant—"

"You only meant—and don't imagine I blame you for it—that in your present mood a forty-acre paddock wouldn't be big enough for you."

He nodded shortly. "More or less."

"And if," she said, in the soothing tone, "we could all go out on the harbor and obligingly drown ourselves while away—"

"Don't be silly. Like all beautiful women the least little affront to your vanity—"

She cut him short. "All right, Edgar, thanks. But, anyhow, no to your harbor trip. Owen and I'll go over to the houseboat. I think we can take it if Hugh Medley hasn't changed for dinner!" She turned to the door.

He crossed in front of her and closed it, then faced her again. "I'm sorry, I'm afraid you can't."

She drew back, surprised, not so much by what he said as by the odd way he was acting. He had shut the door in her face, and looked for him, angry and put out. She said when she'd stared at him for a minute: "What's on your mind, Edgar?"

He walked up and down the room once or twice, over the glossy boards and the glossy skin rugs. He didn't need to worry about her leaving now, he knew curiosity would keep her.

He said, thinking aloud: "It's a pity I didn't say I was going fishing."

"It is, rather, but as you didn't—"

He came back to her. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I don't know. As well as most people, I suppose."

"Only that? Well, anyhow, you'd better keep this one," and he told her what he'd told Johnny and what Johnny had gone to town for.

Without a word Polly listened, her eyes steadily on his. When he'd finished she said: "A secret? A secret that you know and Hugh Medley knows, and Johnny, and now me?"

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 7

He shrugged. "Well, there it is." "Anyone else?"

"Not from me."

"No wonder you wanted to have Cliffside to yourself this evening."

"Do you think you can get them all away in the launch?"

She looked down thoughtfully. "I expect so. I'd say Elise and Fenella were ready to do almost anything anyone suggested. Anything to get out, to get away."

"Well, I suppose that goes for you, too, doesn't it?"

She gave a slight shrug. "Oh, I'm used to taking quite a lot of things I don't like."

He opened the door for her. She said, looking up at him: "You're being very kind, Edgar, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"So much risk and trouble . . . either for a complete stranger, or to help somebody . . . one of your friends."

He held the door wider. "Well, after all . . . poor beggar. He can't look after himself, can he?"

Polly left him, and not long after the beat of the launch's engine came up from the water, with the sound of voices and Elise's empty laughter, then the launch shot away on its trip around the small beaches and inlets.

At nine-thirty Edgar switched off his light, closed the door of his room behind him, and went down through the garden towards the beach.

There was a new stillness in the big house. A light in Mrs. Voss's kitchen glimmered. Todd came round the corner and went in there. He was later than ever with his sore hand, even ready to drink her coffee rather than make his own tea.

Johnny went and found the lantern. He came back studying it, and said: "Now all you've got to do is to put a match to it if you want me. I don't think you will. I think he'll be all right, but I'll walk along the cliff and have a look for a light before I turn in. Say round about eleven-thirty."

He took the lantern forward and turned it up.

The launch was back, and the party was home again, when Edgar and Johnny returned to the house. From the billiard-room came the click of billiard balls and the sound of voices.

Johnny went in there and joined them, but Edgar went back to his room.

Polly looked up as Johnny entered. She wanted to question him, but she wasn't going to. She gave him her cue, and made an excuse to draw out of the game.

Polly had an acute sensitiveness to atmosphere. As she closed the door behind her and stepped out into the hall she had a feeling that there were as bad—maybe even worse—events just round the corner waiting to happen.

The revelation that the strange unknown man was over on the houseboat had been a severe shock to her. She couldn't get him out of her head, and simple as Edgar had tried to make it appear she couldn't wholly accept the explanation that he'd given her.

Because she was uneasy, even the simple action of going over to Edgar's room to ask him how "Smith" was became something to hesitate about.

Trying to make up her mind, she stood irresolutely in the big tiled hall feeling that for anyone to see her open the vestibule door and walk down the path to Edgar's room would involve her in a whole world of speculation.

It seemed a long time, but it was only a minute that she stood there. Then she was outside, walking down the avenue of clustering shrubs.

Edgar's door was shut, and he came and opened it when she knocked.

He looked at her blankly. She looked tired, she thought. He noticed it because she'd never seen him look that way before.

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your friends and spread the news around—it's your affair."

His small camp on the deck was lighted only by the light that came up from the lamp in the saloon.

There was the inevitable bottle and glass, a plate with the heads and tails of pawns on it, a book, and a shirt like a banner hanging to dry on the rail.

Edgar said, ignoring Medley's comment: "How is he? How's the patient?"

"His condition seems perfectly satisfactory. Just as I said this morning. He seems grateful to be here instead of at a hotel, or in some strange hospital. I should say he was definitely on the mend. However—"

His gesture now indicated the cabin below.

Johnny said: "I'll go and have a look at him," and disappeared down the companionway.

He wasn't long gone. He was quite the conventional medical man when he came back.

"Nothing to worry about," he told them. "Just the after-malarial exhaustion. No complications. His heart's all right. He was drowsy, didn't want to talk."

"Did you give him the injection?"

"No, I didn't. It wasn't necessary. No sign of collapse."

Medley listened loftily. He made that familiar movement of hitching up his shorts over his brown bulging stomach, and said: "Do I keep a chart, doctor? Do I telephone at intervals through the night to report the patient's condition?"

Johnny ignored the heavy irony. "I don't think so. He'll be all right. But instead of a telephone—if you should need me—hang up a lantern—you've got a lantern, I expect?"

"I think so. There's something of the sort in the galley." He waved a hand aft.

Johnny went and found the lantern. He came back studying it, and said: "Now all you've got to do is to put a match to it if you want me. I don't think you will. I think he'll be all right, but I'll walk along the cliff and have a look for a light before I turn in. Say round about eleven-thirty."

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Model by JANTZEN in 'Moygashel' Pure Linen.

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Ethel Turner writes new book at 75

Little Australians have read her stories for fifty years

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

In the lovely old Mosman home where she has written many of her books, authoress Ethel Turner, whose "Seven Little Australians" has enchanted children for more than half a century, is working on a new book about present-day youngsters.

It is to be called "Two and Two," and will join 30 or more well-known favorites such as "Jennifer J," "The Family at Misrule," "Little Mother Meg," and "The Cub" books, which her publishers, the English firm of Ward, Locke, and Bowden Ltd., are now issuing in new editions.

BUT the children in the book, she insists with a twinkle in her eyes, are not modelled on her grandchildren.

When you meet plump, tiny Ethel Turner in private life Mrs. Curlew, widow of Judge Curlew, and mother of the second Judge Curlew, it is hard to realise that she has two teen-age grandchildren, Philippa and Ian, and that her books, over the years, have sold millions of copies, and have been translated into Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Czechoslovakian, and a host of other languages.

For Ethel Turner, who loves writing about young people and understands them so well, is still amazingly like a young girl herself.

Her hair is short, curly, and soft. She wears pastel-blues that match her eyes, and her face has lost nothing of the sweetness that marked her early portraits when she was young "Miss Ethel S. Turner," an almost unknown Sydney writer.

We talked in her charming study, a room lined with books, decorated in blue and white, and with a view of the garden and part of Middle Harbor.

Scattered around it were copies of the latest literary periodicals to which she subscribes. On the shelves were first editions of all her books, from the most recent "Judy and Punch," published in 1939, to the first edition of "Seven Little Australians," dated 1894.

"I wrote 'Seven Little Australians' as a change from the novels I had been trying to do," Mrs. Curlew said. "It was not modelled on any real children, but they were typical of many of us when we were young."

"I think the children of to-day are much more courageous, self-assured,

and enterprising than we were, though perhaps they don't read quite as much. They are the children I'm writing about in 'Two and Two.'"

Though she feels there has been quite a change in children over the past 50 years, her methods of writing have not altered greatly.

She is scribbling "Two and Two," not in a penny notebook, such as she could once buy, but in an elevenpenny unruled exercise book.

"I detest ruled paper," she says, "and it is hard to buy unruled to-day. It takes seven or eight of such exercise books to make a printed book."

"When did I first begin writing?"

"I was about 13 I think, and I was a pupil at Sydney Girls' High School," she said. "I had Ethel Maynard for my closest friend, and we discovered that, in addition to possessing the same Christian name, we both had a step-parent, both liked French and hated algebra, and were both at the time a little jaded with over-many lessons but never jaded with reading stories, though these were not always quite to our minds."

"But what about writing stories ourselves? Magnificent thought! We decided to begin that afternoon, scribbling in penny notebooks between home lessons, and showing each other the results next day."

"Wild, romantic novels they were, intensely interesting to ourselves, never shown to anyone else."

"After a few chapters the friend's desire to write evaporated with her ink. She flung herself instead into school work, later won a degree at the University, married the late Sir John Peden and had two brilliant daughters."

Mrs. Curlew smiles reminiscently. "For me—the notebooks and I have persisted to this very day."



AUTHORESS Ethel Turner in the garden of her home at Mosman. Inset is a photograph taken when she wrote "Seven Little Australians."

Ethel Turner was a shy girl of 20 when a friend persuaded her to send the completed manuscript of "Seven Little Australians" to the Melbourne office of publishers Ward, Locke, and Bowden, Ltd.

It was published in England, where the mischievous antics of the seven youngsters living at "Misrule" delighted young English children.

But the more sedate Victorian reviewers were a little shocked by the "Seven Little Australians."

"We rather from the pages of the authoress, Miss Ethel S. Turner, that Antipodean boys and girls are brought up rather too much on the lines of American children to leave much room for grace, modesty, and reverence in their composition," the

London Daily Telegraph's critic wrote in September, 1894.

"But there is a healthy freedom about the little beings portrayed in this book which, when it does not develop the wrong way into the 'larkin,' must doubtless make fine men and women eventually out of such small 'cornstalks,'" the reviewer conceded.

It was the chronicle of these "small cornstalks" that set Ethel Turner off on her career as a writer of children's books. She has written a few novels, "Fair Ines," "The Story of a Baby," which she wrote in 1898, "Fugitives from Fortune," "The Ungardeners," and "Ports and Happy Havens," an account of a tour in Europe in 1911.

When she was in her early twen-

ties Ethel Turner married the late Judge Curlew, then a barrister, and had two children, Jean, who married Dr. L. Charlton, and whose tragic death at 30 cut short a promising literary career, and Adrian, who was a captain in the 8th Division and a P.O.W. in Malaya, working on the Burma railway. He is now a judge of the District Court, and President of the Australian Surf Life-saving Association.

Her own favorites among her books are "The Cub" series—"Brigid and the Cub," "Captain Cub," and "The Cub," which starts off with a boy who falls in love with Brigid in the first World War.

She has also a soft spot in her heart for the tomboy Judy, lovable character in "Seven Little Australians," who died, to the sorrow of thousands of young readers, after rescuing the baby of the family from a falling gum-tree.

All her life Ethel Turner has personally answered the huge correspondence she receives from her books.

Work for children

SHE says, of her days, "I don't spend them at all. They spend me. I think it is that there are so many more things in the world of to-day than there were—things that absolutely demand attention."

Foremost among these she places work for children—the only certain way to help the stumbling world, in her opinion. She is deeply interested in the Children's Library Movement throughout Australia, and is patron of the Mosman Children's Theatre.

Not everyone realises the quiet but magnificent work performed by this movement, initiated and continued by Mrs. Matheson, formerly Miss Mary Rivett, and her sister, Miss B. Rivett, Mrs. Curlew's says. "It is for the occupation of the leisure time of young people who might otherwise drift into questionable ways."

"Boys and girls may turn into any of these libraries and be sure of getting excellent books, plastic clay for modelling, paints, and pencils—and guidance."

"You see great eager lads and girls happily modelling, helping with plays and costumes, and painting scenery."

"Realising its worth, the City Council has given Phillip Park to the Movement and equipped it with lighting, sound amplifiers, and scenery, to form an open-air theatre for the boys and girls."

"Here in Mosman is the Children's Theatre, which aims to give young people entertainment suitable to their years, artistic and stimulating, and other suburbs are establishing similar theatres."

"Mine is only the very minor part—patron—purely a lazy woman's job, but a deeply appreciative woman too," she said.

Ethel Turner has a typewriter, but she uses it only for writing articles.

"For books it's always been the unruled exercise books—and it always

U.S. tennis star to play here

From GEORGE McGANN in New York

Doris Hart, a childhood invalid whose courage carried her from a wheel-chair to Wimbledon, is going to Australia this week.

IT will be the first Australian visit for the American girl, who is a veteran of journeys to Wimbledon, Paris, the Riviera, and other European tennis capitals.

Miss Hart, pretty, 23-year-old blonde from Jacksonville, Florida, is thrilled about going to Australia, "where all those good tennis players come from."

"I have always been amazed that a country like Australia, with its tiny population, could develop outstanding internationalists like Crawford, Quist, Bromwich, Pails, and Nancy Bolton," she said at Forest Hills during the recent National Championships.

"I'm sure that every Australian child has a racket put in his hands as soon as he can walk," she added with a smile that showed her white teeth.

Miss Hart herself can walk because her brother put a racket in her hand when she was doomed to a lifetime of helplessness.

There followed a depressing series of operations, hospitals, wheel-chairs.

Doctors thought it doubtful that Doris would ever walk normally again. But that it would be a good idea if she exercised regularly.

Brother Richard, then 12, came home with the solution. The instructor at the tennis courts, across the street from the Hart home, had given the boy two old tennis rackets, and offered him free use of a court.

Richard insisted that Doris learn the game with him. It was an ordeal for the 10-year-old girl even to negotiate the distance to the courts. But soon she was batting the ball across the net, and even running for outside shots.

The tennis instructor, Slim Harbert, detected a natural talent in Doris' early faltering game. He took her under his wing. Two years after she left her wheel-chair Doris was winning juvenile tournaments in Florida.

At the age of 17 she was American Junior Champion.

Doris has been in tennis headlines for eight years—usually as runner-up. She has lost out in finals—mostly to Louise Brough and Margaret Osborne—so many times that it has become a standing joke in tennis circles.



AMERICAN tennis star Doris Hart shows no sign of the paralysis which crippled her as a child, and has represented America in international tournaments.

She seems to lack that competitive edge which wins close matches from champions.

Doris explains it this way:

"I enjoy the game for its own sake. I don't need the thrill of win-

PRICES WILL STAY UP

HOUSEWIVES have been harassed for a long time by the week-by-week rise in the cost of living. Latest figures from the Commonwealth Statistician put the rise at 43.1 per cent. since 1939.

During the early post-war period, there was a tendency to postpone some purchases in the belief that when "things settled down" prices would settle too.

That belief has ceased to be even a faint hope.

Prices have settled "up" rather than down. Experts point out that they never do return to former levels. Between the two wars, for instance, there was no return of the three guinea suit the average man bought in 1913.

The housewife's job is to face facts now and take stock of her finances.

If she has been avoiding renewals in the home and basic purchases for the family wardrobe as a temporary measure to meet the swollen food bills, she must now ask herself whether her budgeting is really meeting the current situation.

If the answer is no, she must find new ways to economise, take the keenest interest in nutrition values and the greatest care of household equipment.

It is a grim thought that in many homes the last remaining little luxuries, the small allowance for pleasure, will have to go.

Many will find such measures necessary, once they face up to the simple fact that lamb chops are never going to be threepence each again.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"I notice he always uses matches to light his pipe!"

WORTH Reporting

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, the pretty, fair-haired daughter of the Duchess of Kent, will be 12 years old on Christmas Day. She is now at boarding school near Ascot and thoroughly enjoying it, though she is allowed no special privileges.

Like the other 59 girls at Heathfield, Princess Alexandra goes home for one Sunday every month and is visited by her mother only on official "Parents' Days."

Music, drawing, and French are the Princess's favorite subjects so far. Next term she starts home-craft, which includes cooking, housework, and sewing.

The Duchess intends her daughter to stay at this school for at least another two years. After that she will probably follow in her mother's footsteps and finish her education either in Switzerland or Paris.

Domestic emergency

AN impulsive friend of ours who gave a party during the winter discovered, a few hours before the guests arrived, that she was rather short of cushions. Since she was also short of chairs, cushions on the floor were vital.

In a moment of high inspiration she found a spare cushion cover stuffed in wildly with old garments and sewed it up.

The cushion looked fine. Meanwhile, with the warm weather on the way she has been clucking dinnally over her meagre supply of summer underwear. Last week light dawned, and she unpicked the cushion. Her problem now is whether to refill it with winter woollies or plunge and buy some kapok.

Flowers in lampshades

MR. HARRY KURTH, of Clematis, in the Bundenong Ranges, Victoria, is making a business success of an unusual craft—manufacturing lampshades which incorporate real flowers.

The pressed flowers or leaves are arranged against a foundation of pastel-tinted buckram, and covered with a fine net.

Mr. Kurth has been interested in flowers since he was a small boy, and always had a collection of pressed flowers.

A few years ago he started to experiment to see how he could retain the color and exact form. He achieved this, and keeps his process a strict secret.

Mr. Kurth guarantees the flowers will outlast the shades, although he doesn't guarantee that they will last for ever.

In making the shades his wife lends a helping hand. "She's the needlewoman," he told us.

He uses about a dozen varieties of flowers, and has found that Erica cruenta, the pink variety of boronia, maple leaves, monarda, and heuchera are most popular.

Unfortunately, many wild flowers which have attractive shapes are too dull in color to be effective. On the other hand, Mr. Kurth has tried Western Australian kangaroo paws, but although good for color, he considers them too stiff for subtle arrangement. He's had inquiries about his shades from as far away as South Africa and Ireland.

"There aren't any 'closed seasons' for me," he said. "Every month brings a different bloom."



"This morning he received a rejection slip that not only rejected the story he sent them, but anything else he might write."

Unusual dinner

THIRTY guests at a dinner party we attended last week ate two distinct meals.

The first represented the best meal possible under food rationing in England to-day: included microscopic portions of meat, vegetables, and cheese, which failed to fill an average-size dinner plate.

The second menu was in the best Australian style and comprised oysters, lobster mayonnaise, chicken, in asparagus, and Bombe Alaska, a delicious sweet of strawberry-studded meringue packed with ice-cream.

The dinner was held at Sydney's Toby Tavern restaurant and was arranged by the Eighth Division Council, whose members were all formerly P.O.W.s in the Pacific.

Official host was Judge Adrian Curlew, a former P.O.W., who is honorary organiser of the Council's committee which sends food parcels to ex-P.O.W.s in England.

Over 3000 parcels are being sent each month, mainly from Victoria and New South Wales, but as there are 50,000 former P.O.W.s in England—many sadly in need of nourishing food—the Council is trying to organise its members all over Australia to help the scheme.

Purpose of the two meals at last week's dinner was to show guests the wide difference between English and Australian food.

Sales talk

RETURN of motor-car auction sales has brought one touch of prewar exuberance into the postwar world, as a member of our staff discovered last week when she decided to sell her somewhat battered-looking 1936 roadster.

She was fascinated by the auctioneer's selling technique.

When turning-in the car she had taken care to point out such good points as two brand-new tyres, a completely new steering-box, rebuilt electric petrol pump, good-as-new generator and battery, engine lively pulling well.

Came the morning of the sale. She stood in the purposeful-looking audience, to hear, somewhat surprisingly, none of these things but—"Lot 30-and-30, Singer, roadster 1936. The engine is dirty, a bit slow on hills, wants decarbonising, and some work on the points. That would cost, say, £3.

"Clutch-plates want a little attention.

"The steering, oh, I can't read what it says about that, except that she pulls to the left a bit. Another £3.

"Slight grind in second gear; others O.K. Differential in excellent order. Brakes pull a bit to the left. Body wants tightening up. The whole lot would cost at most £14. There it is, gentlemen, £14 to make it 100 per cent. roadworthy."

And the technique works all right for there was plenty of spirited bidding, and our staff member is purring at the knock-down price.

Woman racing driver

MRS. SYBIL LUPP, New Zealand's only woman motor-racing driver, has won, for the second year in succession, the Otago hill-climbing championship.

Mrs. Lupp, whose home is at Roslyn, Dunedin, does all the mechanical work on her car, as well as managing her home and caring for two young children.

She holds the Otago Club's track record, and is Otago delegate to the Association of New Zealand Car Clubs, which controls motor sport in New Zealand.

Motor racing is a family hobby. Mrs. Lupp's husband drives his V-8 in Otago competitions against her. Her father, now nearly 70, has a Speed Six Bentley, and regularly runs it at over 100 m.p.h.

Her brother, R. Wellesley-Colley, is a keen motor-cyclist at Nelson, and her eight-year-old daughter is the youngest member of the Otago Sports Car Club, paying her own subscription, and looking forward to the day when she can drive.

Mrs. Lupp takes her M.G. sports model to every high-speed event within reasonable distance of her home, and has a reputation as a cool, unfurried driver. She has studied mechanics and internal combustion engines, and has also taken a course in Diesel engineering.

"I compete against my husband at every event in which there is an open class," Mrs. Lupp told us. "In most cases I defeat him, though in sprint events over a straight course his large, supercharged car is too much for my little one."

A WOMAN visitor, looking round the Erskineville Day Nursery, in Sydney, was impressed with all she saw, especially the dental section. "Isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed as she looked in the door. A little boy sitting in one of the dental chairs looked up at her in astonishment. "No," he said with feeling, "it's horrible!"

T.B. nursing

HOW to nurse a T.B. patient at home was demonstrated by the nursing section of the St. John Ambulance Brigade at last week's N.S.W. Health Week exhibition. "The Fight Against Tuberculosis."

Members of the Brigade worked in two-hour relays of four at a time. One was the patient, a second lectured onlookers, and the remaining two performed all the daily duties necessary for home nursing.

Main emphasis was on the importance of separating the T.B. sufferer's linen, crockery, cooking utensils, and similar personal items from those used by the rest of the household.

They showed how to change bed-linen without getting the patient out of bed, and pointed out that used linen should be disinfected and then kept away from other household laundry.

Methods of preparing the right kinds of food, the necessity for as much fresh air as possible, and the various ways in which patients can be made comfortable were also explained.

"People should not be frightened of nursing T.B. sufferers at home," a member of the Brigade told us.

"If all regular precautions are observed a patient can be well looked after without any fear of the infection spreading."

WE were stopped dead in our tracks the other day by a ticket in the window of a King's Cross underwear shop. It read, "Smoked nightie." With our nose pressed to the glass we had almost convinced ourselves that the white nightgown it was pinned to was, indeed, a delicate shade of grey, when we noticed the bodice. It was smoked.

IT SEEMS TO ME

—by—

Dorothy Drain

WHILE some statistics are dull, there is a brand which never fails to appeal to me. The National Smoke Abatement Society of Britain has just provided an example.

This society, dedicated to the abolition of chimney smoke, has worked out that Manchester housewives spend an hour longer at the washbasins than those of smoke-free districts. Thus they waste every year a total of 668 years.

This started me compiling some statistics on my new hair-do. Previously to run a comb through occupied four minutes per day.

The new arrangement takes about an hour every day.

My Uncle Silas, a man who can recall the wheat crop in bushels for 1927 and the number of motor cars in each State (and will, too, at the slightest provocation), has worked out that the women of Australia waste more than 100 years every year in similar hairstyles.

"Not," he says rudely, "that I can imagine what you would do with the time. Paint your nails, I expect."

IN country towns during the Royal tour there will be no spoken addresses.

The Acting-Premier of Victoria has received advice that the King will address functions only in capital cities. In the country the King will receive a printed address and hand another one back.

I don't know whether the country centres will feel jaundiced about this, but they shouldn't. They should feel proud of beginning a movement which may do much towards mending this country's reputation for long-winded speeches.

It is a notion which could be adopted at many gatherings apart from those of the Royal visit.

At late openings and school speech days symbols could be displayed on large placards.

On these occasions all that part of a speech which begins "I have very great pleasure" could be denoted by a cross; or kiss; a drawing of two clasped hands would convey a great deal. The possibilities are unlimited.

MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS, conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, told an audience the other day that he looks forward to the time when musicians will be hero-worshipped just as cricketers and footballers are to-day.

I suppose this is possible. Now, take Frankie Sinatra. On second thoughts, perhaps Mr. Goossens would rather not take Frankie.

On a possibly more hopeful note, I heard a teen-age connoisseur refer to "Tchaik's Fifth." Undoubtedly that lass speaks of "Beethoven's Ninth."

While this familiarity with the great composers may shock some people, it suggests an enthusiasm which, if sufficiently widespread, may lead to Mr. Goossens's goal.

"SKIRTS will be a shade shorter next year," says M. Daniel Gorin, Secretary-General of the Chambre Syndicale of the Paris fashion industry.

Once designers tried to sell her. On the grace of the patella. Now from Launceston to Libya. Veiled are fibula and tibia.

Up and down twice knee and ankle. Roves the skirt; don't let it rankle. Try instead my new invention—Worth your serious attention—Skirts on pulleys, so designed To hoist like a Venetian blind.



Mandrake the Magician

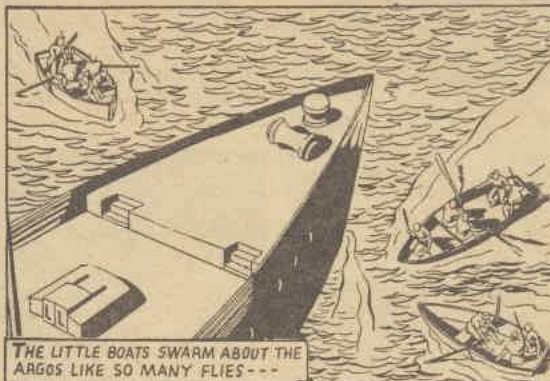


MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters. Mandrake and others set out in a small boat to make

soundings. They ask a fisherman who says that the only danger spot is the narrows, marked by buoy lights. He tells them to head between the lights and they will be safe. The boat returns to the Argos, and the fisherman signals to a band of ragged men on the island, who tumble into small boats.

NOW READ ON:

AT THAT MOMENT, THE ARGOS PASSES BETWEEN THE LIGHTS--AND COMES TO A JOLTING STOP--GROUNDED ON A HIDDEN SANDBAR---



THE LITTLE BOATS SWARM ABOUT THE ARGOS LIKE SO MANY FLIES---



"MAYBE THESE PEOPLE CAN HELP US FLOAT OFF THE SANDBAR," SAYS CAPTAIN BEKER-- BUT MANDRAKE IS SUSPICIOUS. "THOSE BUOY LIGHTS WERE SUPPOSED TO MARK A DEEP CHANNEL. INSTEAD--"



BUT MANDRAKE HASN'T TIME TO FINISH. FROM ALL SIDES, GRAPPLING HOOKS SPIN UP TO THE ARGOS DECK---



AND BEFORE THE ASTONISHED CREW OF THE ARGOS CAN REALIZE WHAT IS HAPPENING, THE PIRATES OF THE HUNGRY ISLES SWARM OVER THE RAILING--



THOSE ABOARD THE ARGOS ARE UNPREPARED FOR THE VICIOUS ATTACK--BARTON GOES DOWN AS HIS DAUGHTER BETTY RACES TO HIM---



RUSHING TO DEFEND BETTY THE MIGHTY LOTHAR GOES DOWN UNDER A RAGGED MOB--



THE ARGOS CREW IS OVERPOWERED--THE PIRATES SWARM THROUGH THE YACHT LIKE LOCUSTS, LOOTING AND PILLAGING---

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By Marjorie Beckingsale

★ A Date With Judy

TEEN-AGE romances in technicolor continue to pour out of the Hollywood studios, though Britain appears to ignore their box office possibilities.

Chief Hollywood provider of the romances of adolescence is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which turns on the glamor for young stars with just as much lavishness as is given to Lana Turner or Katharine Hepburn.

Two of M.G.M.'s young darlings—singer Jane Powell and lovely Elizabeth Taylor—have a field day in a bright musical, "A Date With Judy."

Only the most hardened cynic could resist the charm of the two youngsters, to say nothing of the highly competent work of the grown-ups headed by Wallace Beery, Helena Royal, Robert Stack, and Leon Ames, and a particularly good effort by teen-ager and promising comedian Scotty Beckett.

As might be expected, the story isn't worth a row of pins, but it is played with such zest and smoothness and given such delectable settings it is very easy to take.

Clothes designed for the youngsters are an object lesson in good taste and the most delightful I have seen for a long time.

Jane Powell is improving rapidly as an actress, and her singing now is not just the piping of a talented schoolgirl. She also shows a previously unsuspected comedy sense.

Elizabeth Taylor has developed into a startling beauty, too, and is one of nature's gifts to technicolor.

If her acting keeps pace with her beauty, this former child star will have audiences gasping.

It's fun to see Wallace Beery play a straight part as a family man, and Mr. B. does himself proud.

All the customary lavish trimmings are there, and the film is for everyone who likes cream cake and ice-cream now and then.

It is at the St. James.

★ My Brother Jonathan

BITISH producers still seem to cast a welcoming eye on the type of family saga story which emphasises continual self-sacrifice by one member.

The faded lavender atmosphere which clings to plots of this nature is cloying, and it's quite time Britain developed a few more realistic ideas provided they are not of the "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" variety.

In adapting Francis Brett Young's novel "My Brother Jonathan" for the screen under the same title, all the old familiar ingredients were at hand.

We see the noble elder brother whose idealistic life is one long frustration because of his spoilt younger brother, the dreary mill town and fight for better conditions, the faithful girl-friend, and the feckle blonde—I could go on for nearly as long as it takes to see the film.

If it had not been for Michael Denison, a new star, plus the work of some trusty character players, boredom would have set in after the first half-hour.

Denison, lanky, dark and not especially good-looking, takes firmly hold of the wishy-washy role of sorely tried Dr. Jonathan Dakers, and makes it a human portrayal with much appeal.

Settings for a generation of English life are well suited to the story and suggest an equal stuffiness.

The film (released by B.E.F.) is at the Embassy.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Their faces are their fortune...



CHILD MODELS. Elizabeth, aged three and a half, and baby sister Margaret, six months, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Harding, in the garden of their home at Golders Green, London.

★ These two lovely children earn steady wages as models for commercial photographers. They are completely unselfconscious and never temperamental.

All the money they earn is either spent on their clothing or banked for their future education by their parents, Mr and Mrs. L. N. Harding, of Golders Green, London



CHARMING YOUNGSTERS, they pose as "average" infants, but have that little extra something which makes their pictures so appealing.

MARGARET beams at the very sight of the camera, at six months is the perfect model.

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 13

FURTHERMORE, a faint hope stirred within me that being near the capital I might somehow learn something about the fate of Demyan.

But one does not move in the Soviet Union from one place to another at will. One must have a permit or an employment assignment from the authorities.

And I knew that I could never get a transfer from the Commissariat of Education of the Ukraine to that of Great Russia.

I resolved upon a bold stratagem. Instead of following the prescribed routine, I wrote direct to the Moscow "Obshch," the department of education for province of Moscow.

I outlined my qualifications, listed my references, and stated that the reason for my application was my desire to raise my boy in an atmosphere of Russian culture, away from the Ukraine. We did not regard ourselves as Ukrainians.

My letter struck a responsive chord in the heart of a certain Mikhailov, whom I did not then know, who was in charge of all the provincial schools.

He invited me to come to Moscow for an interview.

I was worried about one thing: would I get the appointment if I disclosed that my husband had been purged?

On my arrival in Moscow I went straight from the railroad station to the office of "Obshch," where I was received with open arms by the veteran educator Mikhailov.

He had been seeking an experienced instructor in natural sciences to fill a sudden vacancy. I was left to guess what had caused it, but during the great purge even a shrug of the shoulders told a familiar story.

My chief worry was how to deal with the inevitable question of my marital status. I decided to answer it with the simple statement that I was a widow.

To my great relief there was no further probing by Mikhailov.

"You're just the one we need," he said. "We have here, in the district of F-za, quite a school, a model institution with a natural history museum, a meteorological station for children, and a prized library of some 3000 volumes."

I got the position. The school, located at Tuchkovo, some 50 miles west of Moscow, occupied the former estate of Dubrovina, with a mansion containing gilded mirrors, murals, and fine mosaic decorations. The former owner had long since been dispossessed.

Here, indeed, was an institution the Soviet Government could with pride exhibit to distinguished foreign visitors.

I was curious to learn who had developed it. But there was a strange hush whenever that question was raised.

I had an inkling when I discovered that the mother of my predecessor, a sorrowful and lonely little old woman, was living on the estate.

Soon enough the mystery was cleared up by the new director, Ana-

tolii Kukhmazov, a militant Communist of the Central Asiatic Bashkir tribe.

He even spoke Russian with a thick accent. The subject he taught in the school was the history of the Communist Party.

I was fascinated by the specimens in the museum, by the order in the herbarium and the library, which boasted a truly valuable collection of books on astronomy.

Everything had its proper label. Kukhmazov felt my admiration, and soon satisfied my curiosity.

He took some volumes off the shelves, and sarcastically read to me verses on religious themes which had been tucked away in certain volumes.

The author, it appeared, was his predecessor, Ivanov, whose specialty was natural science and meteorology.

With relish, Kukhmazov cited this and other things as evidence of Ivanov's counter-revolutionary activity.

Well, this "enemy of the people" had been well taken care of, he intimated. Ivanov had been packed off to a polar camp to serve as a meteorologist.

My own grief had to be a deep secret. No sign of life reached me from my own Demyan.

In Moscow I ran into a woman from our town of Slavyansk whose tragedy brought my own home to me.

Natasha Klimentko was the mother of Kolya, a former pupil of mine, whose father was a common blacksmith.

Kolya was an outstandingly handsome and talented lad. I can still see his classical features, his winsome smile, and remember how popular he was with the girls.

His father was a non-political proletarian. The boy was his parents' joy.

Kolya joined the Komsomol, and decided to study medicine. He attended the Therapy Institute, graduated, and was appointed to the city hospital of Voronezh. He married, and by 1936 was the father of a child.

At the end of that year there was an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria in the Voronezh region. Several children of Communist officials died in the hospital.

The young doctor was seized, and was accused of having had sexual contact with "wreckers." He vanished.

His mother, after taking in her son's young wife and child, would not give up trying to rescue her Kolya.

She would scrape up her last savings and come to Moscow, bringing bacon, butter, or other precious produce to officials in the various departments she haunted in search of information about her son.

They would take her gifts, pass her from one bureau to another, make promises to conduct an inquiry, and tell her to come back.

She would return with more offerings, all the time desperately praying that one would take pity on her and give her some definite news.

But it was all in vain, and finally she had to give up her quest.

Eight years later, before my departure from Moscow for the United States, I ran into Natasha again, and asked her if she ever found out what had happened to Kolya.

"Yes," she answered with resignation. "A letter came through recently. He is in a camp somewhere at the world's edge. He married there, and has four children."

After a pause, she added, "And do you know what they told my daughter-in-law? 'Go and get married yourself.'"

This was no surprise to me. The N.K.V.D. authorities in their cynicism did not even bother to advise the wives whom they robbed of their husbands to get a divorce.

To the Soviet Government, those seized in the great purge were like persons who had departed from this world.

I found this out early, and abandoned all hope of ever seeing Demyan again.

But I did think that the hurricane was behind me and that nothing more could happen to us. So I brought Oleg from Slavyansk and

War—one more terror

made a new home in the former quarters of my predecessor, Ivanov.

I planned to build a secure future for my boy. Little did I dream that the long, vindictive arm of the terror which had struck down my husband would reach out for my son.

During the four years I taught at Tuchkovo, in the Muscovy countryside, from the autumn of 1937 to that of 1941, I managed to keep the fact that my husband had been purged a deep secret.

For my boy Oleg the change was a blessing. He found a mentor in the teacher of Russian literature, a pre-revolutionary educator, who stimulated his interest in the classics.

My first task was to start a garden, as the food problem continually beset the institution. In this region the soil is rocky, but we did raise vegetables and were especially successful with potatoes.

But our difficulties lay in getting bread, meat, sugar, kerosene, and other necessities, for which we had to forage in the villages and towns.

Sometimes we teachers had to go to Moscow to shop in the open markets for these provisions, and on occasion the N.K.V.D. would raid the train and confiscate the food and

kerosene as illegal goods. One was lucky to escape arrest as a "speculator."

With the scarcity of sugar, it became a fashionable feature of the five-year plan to cultivate honey.

I studied the literature on bee-keeping, and succeeded in constructing a whole palace of a hive. Our honey became the talk of the countryside.

I stored enough honey as food for the bees in the winter to save them in the rigorous climate, but our Communist director, Kukhmazov, regarded this as a luxury for the bees.

He removed the food, all the bees then died, and that ended my experiment.

The summer of 1939 was upon us. The Stalin-Hitler Pact, which apparently stirred the world deeply, made little impression on the common people.

To us non-Communists the world war was brought home only with the outbreak of Russo-Finnish hostilities.

The Soviet Government's joining Hitler in the partition of Poland was received with apathy by the population.

It was different when we went to war with little Finland. Many of our peasants' sons were called to the colors. Our own director, Kukhmazov, went off to the front.

He bragged, as so many Communists did: "Shapkami sakidayem—we'll snow them under with our hats."

But the ordinary folks just could not understand why the great Soviet power had to pick a fight with tiny Finland.

And when the boys began to come back with frozen legs and arms, there were murmurings in the villages:

"What are we fighting for? Why must our sons perish?"

When the director returned to his duties, he punctuated his bragging of the victory over Finland with this story:

"We gave it to those accursed Finns. When the armistice was already signed, our command decided not to eat any shells back, so we opened up with all the guns and let them have it."

My own son Oleg, who was eighteen, was called to register for military service.

Mathematics was his interest, music and art his hobbies. A handsome and well-built lad, Oleg was popular with the girls and sought their company.

He would come home with a whole bevy of them and help them with their homework.

Oleg graduated from our school

and was admitted to the University of Moscow about the time Hitler launched his blitz against Russia on June 22, 1941.

Before the papers or the radio announced the news, we learned that we were at war when the German planes flew overhead in their first air raid on the capital.

In those summer days in Muscovy, the front was so remote, somewhere in faraway Poland, that none of us dreamt of its coming close to us.

Our life had always been harrowing and full of terrors, and we now simply scanned the skies for one more terror.

Those of us who remembered the first World War expected the Nazis, like the Kaiser's armies, to get stuck in the distant Pripiet Marshes.

Within three months the unbelievable came to pass. The German avalanche of steel had moved all the way from the banks of the Vistula to the heart of Russia.

Our school and villages had been denuded of all able-bodied men.

As the German invaders drew nearer and nearer and the Communist authorities began to flee eastward, I went to Bielov, the chairman of the local Soviet, and asked him for facilities to evacuate our valuable library and museum.

In a burst of temper, he flung at me: "Don't bother me. It's up to Moscow!"

It was the middle of October. All the roads to Moscow were clogged with an armed flood in retreat before the advancing Nazis.

The common people, who had suppressed their hatred for the Communist oppressors all those long years, could not be persuaded to leave their homes and farms.

Many of them believed the leaflets in Russian dropped from the air, proclaiming that the Germans were coming as liberators.

Then word spread that the neighboring town of Mozhaisk was in flames, and that the enemy was about to take it.

My Oleg arrived from Moscow to bid me good-bye. He had just received his orders to report for military service.

NEXT WEEK

● Mrs. Kasenkina writes of the war in Russia, the loss of her son, and the six months' grilling by various Soviet officials before she sailed to take up her teaching appointment in New York.



KISS FOR THE BRIDE. Best man, Bill Milne, kisses bride, Judy Denniston, while her husband, Chip, and brother, Peter Sayers, look on. Judy, who is daughter of the George Sayers, of Vaucluse, and Chip were married in Sayers' drawing-room.



AT CANBERRA PARTY. The High Commissioner for India, Lieut.-Col. Bedi, and his wife with Dame Enid Lyons at reception given by Colonel and Mrs. Bedi at their home.



WED IN LONDON. John Ford, of The Pines, Ikley, England, helps his bride, formerly Ellen (Len) Fallace, widow of Captain Charlton Fallace, cut cake at reception following ceremony at Ikley Parish Church. Bridesmaid, Ineen Stack, of Sydney. Best man Jerry Green, Len is daughter of Mrs. G. H. Soutelle, of Neutral Bay, and late Mr. Soutelle.

Intimate Gossipings

TWO pretty Darling Point girls, Helen Baldock and Shirley Wynn Roberts, plan their weddings at local church, St. Mark's.

Helen Baldock, younger daughter of the W. J. Baldocks, chooses November 19 for her marriage with Gordon Bettington.

Shirley's wedding with Ian Carter will take place on December 4.

Nancy Baldock is flying home from England to be Helen's bridesmaid, and will arrive about a week before the wedding. Mrs. Alan Atwell will be matron of honor.

Gordon will be attended by Wallace White, of Martin-dale, Denman, and Syd Evans.

Reception for Helen and Gordon's wedding will be at Royal Sydney, and couple plan honeymoon in Canberra, Melbourne, and Tasmania before returning to Sydney, where they will spend about a week before leaving for their future home, Terragong, Merriwa.

UNUSUAL color scheme chosen by Shirley Wynn Roberts for her wedding. She has chosen classical magnolia satin for bridal gown, and two young bridesmaids, Tim Windom and June Burnett, will wear grey moire. Glorious old Brussels lace veil mounted on tulle will complete Shirley's bridal ensemble.

After young couple's wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts will receive guests in their own home at Darling Point. Their two married daughters, Mrs. Bill Shaw, of Cootamundra, and Mrs. Bob Buckland, will assist their parents.

AFTER honeymooning at family cottage at Terrigal, Ted and Kath Reynolds, who was Kathleen Lookhead, spend few days in Sydney before returning to Greshford, where new home is being built.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. Trevor Wilson lunches with Janis Mahoney, who has been chosen by Sydney artists as model of the year, and will be guest of honor at Artists' Ball at Trocadero on November 5. Mrs. Trevor Wilson is honorary organiser.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Margaret Wilson (centre), of Rose Bay, lunches at Prince's with Mrs. Des McCawley, of Brisbane (left) and Joyce Blomley, of "Bareena," Talwood. Margaret will marry John O'Sullivan, of Waverley, in December.



WALKING TO CHURCH. Mr. John Roche accompanies his daughter Diana to St. Joseph's Church from their home, Cranford, Edgecliff, which is next door, for Diana's wedding to Dr. Tom Frost. Bride's sister Judy and Coleen Frost in background.



CELLAR LUNCHEON. Mrs. Amy Flachi (left) entertains South Australian visitors Mrs. Ken Hardy and Mrs. Tom Angoves at cellar luncheon party at Thomas Hardy and Sons during Wine Week festivities in Sydney.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Betty Scott and Mrs. Sheila Plater lunch at Prince's to discuss plans for Town and Country Ball, which will be held at Prince's on November 4. Proceeds are for the Smith Family.

GLIMPSE Nell Hill, of Colley Plains, Quirindi, catching up with a bit of city doings when she lunches at Romano's with her mother, Mrs. C. V. Cobcroft, and her sister Babe (Mrs. Francis Graham). Nell comes down to Sydney for few days with husband Chip and daughter Adrienne.

At another table see the Wally Kerrs with their daughter Noia and husband, Marcel Dekyvere, lunching with visitors from England, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Black.

THEY'RE announcing their engagements. Miriam Martin and Garry O'Connell. Garry gives Miriam sapphire engagement ring surrounded by diamonds. Miriam is youngest daughter of the W. E. Martins, of Woolahra, and Garry is second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. O'Connell, of "Woodlands," Lockhart.

Mona Butterworth and Barry Ledingham announce engagement and plan wedding on December 18. Mona is younger daughter of Mrs. V. A. Butterworth, of Glenore, Moree, and late Mr. E. L. Butterworth. Barry is fifth son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ledingham, of Kincora, Moree.

Another engagement of country interest is that of Barbara Wiseman, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Wiseman, of Uralla, formerly of Bundarra, to John Penwick, elder son of the Rupert Penwickes, of Europambia, Walcha. Barbara is wearing sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.

PRE-WEDDING gift afternoon tea given by Mrs. J. R. C. Davies, of "Yarrandi," Scone, for Judith Hall, who marries David Westgarth at Scone Presbyterian Church on November 20.

Judith is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hall, of Brandon, Wingan. She will be attended by her sisters, Eveleyne and Marnie. David, who is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Westgarth, of "Garthgowan," Scone, will be attended by Jim Tanner, of Mount Owen, Singleton, and Wally Hart, of Scone.

Just back in time to attend Judith Hall's party was Marion McMullin, who has been guest of Mrs. Allan Cruickshank, of Popinguy, Moree.

BRIEFLY: Wedding in mid-January for Nance Connolly and Bill Corlis, of Bandonora, Capertee. . . . Future home at "Erin Vale," Moree, for newlyweds Ron Fitzgerald and his bride, formerly Margaret Allen, of Coogee. . . . Holiday in Sydney at Christmas time for Betty Osborne, who will bring her three children, Timmie, Geraldine, and Priscilla, down to stay at home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Munro, at Palm Beach. . . . First social function of War Widows' Association, a buffet supper, held at Legion House, Castlereagh Street, is voted great success by all who attend. . . . Pam and Ray Wootton, who have been honeymooning at Forster, on the North Coast, will make a temporary home with Pam's parents, the J. G. Roos, of Chatswood, until they build own home.

ALL SAINTS' Church, Sutton Forest, is choice of newly engaged Marjorie Hoskins, who will marry Jock Pagan at the beginning of December, probably on the 11th. Marjorie and Jock announced their engagement recently, when couple were both in Adelaide. Marjorie was holidaying with her parents, the Cecil Hoskins, of Invergowrie, Exeter, and her brother Hugh. Jock is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pagan, of Hay and Vaucluse.

FUTURE home in Townsville for Dr. Bill O'Neill and his bride, formerly Mary Williams, only daughter of Mr. R. J. V. Williams, of Llorac, Murrumbidgee, Queensland, and Mrs. Kathleen Williams, of Townsville. Couple were married recently at Riverview Chapel, are honeymooning in Tasmania, and will spend few days in Sydney when they return on November 6 before going on to Queensland.

TWENTY-FIRST birthday celebrated by Joan Stephenson when friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Moyes, give dance in ballroom of their lovely old home, Fernhill, Penrith. Joan is trainee at R.P.A.

Hear of another lass, Olga Wilcox, of Swan Creek, near Grafton, celebrating her twenty-first at party given by parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Wilcox.

Joyce



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win a Cadillac Car?*

The story that's packed with suspense!

The story that won a \$1000 prize
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7 more complete stories, color, sport, articles! 64 big pages!

"Cinderella Gem"—An ace reporter and a color photographer got together to bring you this vivid feature on neglected Lightning Ridge (N.S.W.)—the world's only black opal field.

"Born to Order"—An article on artificial insemination, by a woman doctor—with comments by church leaders.

"Red Clouds Over Olympus"—Quentin Reynolds writes again for A.M. Gives you the inside story on Communism in Greece.

"The Angel Was a Yankee"—An unusual story by Stephen Vincent Benet.

"In Peril of the Sea"—One that will keep your nose between the pages—a gripping sea mystery by Albert Wetjen.

"Meet My Dog"—A laugh-filled story by a talented Australian author, Charles Saint.

"Opera is Back"—A.M.'s brilliant color camera takes you on stage and backstage with the Italian Opera now touring Australia.

"America Discovers the Baby Car"—A.M. traces in pictures U.S.A.'s swing

from big, expensive cars—to the small and economical.

"Beach Girls Spruce Up"—A.M.'s camera gives you a close-up on glamor's latest find... wooden swim suits!

"The House That Hugh D. Built"—A timely, absorbing article on the colorful history of Sydney's famous Stadium.

See "Muscle Men"—a bunch of modern Hercules strut their stuff.

See Ossie Pickworth, Australia's leading golf prize-winner, in action.

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**This Picture
To Frame—**

← "The Cricketers" will show you why Russell Drysdale is one of Australia's foremost painters. Here is his latest work in a brilliant color reproduction — 24in. x 15in.



It was Polly who spoke first. "Can I come in?" she asked in a rather stiff, small voice.

"Of course, come in," Edgar's own tone was abrupt. She went in. "Is your head still bad?"

"Fairly. But I'm one of those terribly healthy people who if they only get a headache feel as bad as another person would with small-pox."

"Poor Edgar! What can I do for your great sickness? Nothing, I guess, except to leave you and suggest that you go right to sleep with a couple of aspirins."

He said: "Time enough." The sense of uneasiness, stronger now, came over Polly again.

She said: "I only came over to ask you about the invalid. Did Johnny see him?"

"Yes, he saw him."

"What did he say?"

He told her about the visit to the hunchback.

A dozen questions rose to her lips, but she didn't ask any of them. When he'd finished she said: "Well, that relieves my mind a little. Hugh Medley will light the lantern if he needs Johnny, you say, but Johnny thinks he won't be needed."

He said as though bored with the subject: "Yes, that's so. Don't worry about anything. If Johnny doesn't know, who would?"

"All right. Perhaps we'll talk of 'Smith' a little more fully in the morning."

He granted: "H'm, in the morning."

"Meanwhile, sleep for you. And what about those aspirins? Have you got some?"

"Yes, oh yes, I've got some. They're in this drawer here."

Edgar was standing quite near the desk. He turned and put his hand on the handle of the top drawer, but the movement to pull it out was arrested.

He didn't move his hand, and at the same instant she saw the involuntary glance he sent to the table where under the lamp he'd thrown down out of his pocket cigarette-case and lighter, wallet, and key-ring.

It was the keys his swift glance made her notice, and she knew in a flash that the drawer was locked and that he didn't want her to know.

He said casually, too casually: "Don't know that they are here, now I come to think of it. I'll find them, though, somewhere."

Continuing . . . The Cliffside Case

from page 15

She looked at him steadily. "Why don't you look?"

He walked away from the drawer. "That's all right, don't you worry."

"Because if you haven't got any I could bring you some."

"No, no, I tell you I've got them somewhere. Don't fuss like Sunny."

A man can't find a better way to irritate a woman than to tell her not to fuss. It takes her mind clean off the thing she's fussing about. But it missed its intention this time. Polly hardly noticed his words.

She was thinking. Only a few days ago — yes, it was soon after I arrived, the day before Lionel followed me — some of us were in here and Edgar showed us the plans for a yacht he was going to have built.

I was sitting by the desk and he told me to open that very drawer and get out the blueprints. I opened it and there wasn't a thing in it but the plans, some pencils and paper clips, and a bottle of aspirin. Since then — since Lionel's death of course! — Edgar has hidden something in that drawer and locked it.

She stubbed her cigarette in the overflowing ashtray. "Sorry to persist," she said lightly, so as to disguise the knowledge she'd just happened on. "I know how everything gets on your nerves when you've got a headache."

She looked round. "This must be a wonderful room to sleep in, so quiet."

She was moving towards the door. "Not even the sound of the water on a night like this. Well, feel better in the morning. Good-night, Edgar."

He pulled the door wider. "Good-night."

She didn't go back to the house, not yet. She wanted to think about that locked drawer. She walked down the garden, over the cool terraces of grass, and stood under the big Moreton Bay fig-tree.

What did Edgar have in that

locked drawer? Something, some evidence that might clear up the whole mystery. Something bearing on it all that he had kept to himself throughout these two days of sickening strain.

Anger — an unusual emotion for Polly — began to rise in her. It shook the mists out of her brain, and suddenly she knew what Edgar had concealed from her. There was only one thing it could be, the thing the police had searched for and hadn't



"Remember how quiet and peaceful it was when she was just a troopship with eight thousand men?"

found — the gun that had shot Lionel, Lionel's gun.

A shiver went through her. She put out a hand and leant on the tree-trunk. Its solidness seemed to keep the world from rocking, seemed to keep the thoughts in her head from sending her crazy.

She thought. That's what Edgar's got hidden there! It must be, it can't be anything else. He'd looked blank, almost angry, when he'd been trapped in a moment of unweariness into having to refuse to open that drawer in front of her. Edgar, Edgar and Lionel . . .

She walked up and down under the tree, backwards and forwards, feeling more and more sure every minute.

At last she stepped out into the moonlight and went up through the garden to the house. She had made up her mind to be active for once in her life. She was going to get possession of that gun by some means.

By some means, she repeated to herself as she went up the steps from the top terrace. She almost added, by any means. She knew how she was going to get it, too . . . if she had the courage . . .

It was almost twelve o'clock before Polly could put her plan into action. By then the others had gone to their rooms and the house had fallen into silence, rather earlier than usual, fortunately for what she meant to do.

Looking from the landing window towards Edgar's room, she had seen that his light was still on. Sunny always said he never went to bed.



"No, no, Michael! First stage, then the oil shampoo!"

A few minutes later she was walking down the path, carrying a small tray and on it a glass of steaming whisky toddy.

When Edgar answered her knock, he looked, with a surprise he didn't try to hide, at her standing there with the tray and glass in her hand.

It was hard to seem natural, but Polly made a good attempt at it. "I saw your light, Edgar, and I thought you might be feeling really off color. I don't care if you think me an awful pest and say I fuss, but I mixed you this and brought it over."

"A pest? Of course not." But his tone wasn't welcoming. "You shouldn't have bothered, though. Far too good of you. I thought everyone had turned in."

"So they have. I was just going to, too." She walked over and put the tray down on the table. Her back was towards him. She was glad he couldn't see her face. She forced her voice to sound natural: "It's hot whisky with a little lemon."

"Whoever said that was good for a headache?"

"Why, good gracious, it's a grandmother's remedy."

"Isn't that a chill or a cold you're thinking of?"

"Listen, Edgar, since when have you had to be coaxed to drink whisky in any guise?"

"Well, I must say I never cared for it."

He came over and stood by the table.

Polly was trembling; she could feel her nerve slipping. If she wasn't careful she'd go to pieces right before his eyes. It was because she'd given up her will to Lionel all these years, becoming more and more passive, letting him choose, decide, dictate.

Now for the first time when she was trying to will something alone she was only half a person, unable to carry it through.

Almost unable . . .

To be continued

It isn't fried eggs that make a pan look worse for wear..



It's harsh cleaning



But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot cleaner and...



VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching



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richer-foaming*

New Pepsodent
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for whiter teeth —
brighter smiles!

*Wonderful new candy taste
in the new SAT CANDY-FLAVOUR*

PL 44.52

Tea was hardly worth stopping for..

till I tasted
Brisk
Lipton's!

Surprised? You bet she was — didn't believe there could be a better tea till she tasted that rich, full-bodied Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "Brisk" Lipton Tea. Brisk? "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

LIPTON TEA
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NEVER FLAT!

L 101.52

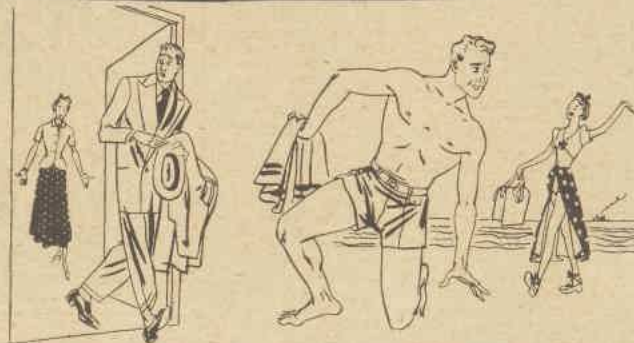
Dishwashing is a holiday with **RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS**



Z.375.WWHP



SHE LOVED HIM AT FIRST SIGHT



ALAS—IN VAIN!

TILL ON THE BEACH



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HE LEFT A MESSAGE



WHICH LED TO ...

Don't miss out on romance!
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health ingredient, Lifebuoy
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tection from "B.O."



RESULTS



W.255.WWHP

FILM ROMANCE TEAMS

WHILE Hollywood talent scouts watch for new stars, and hopeful candidates besiege casting offices, players who became established years ago compete to retain popularity.

Of the many middle-aged men who have been box-office successes for years and who gather new fans with each film, few are better known than George Raft and Melvyn Douglas, who are pictured on this page.

In youthful contrast is Donald O'Connor, whose teen-age success just before the war is increasing now that he has begun a post-war career at 22.

George Raft has received more varied publicity in his long film life than almost any other star.

Typed for gangster roles many years ago, Raft sticks to this typing and usually ends up in a film on the receiving end of a bullet from a policeman's gun.

Melvyn Douglas makes no secret of the fact that he is 47 years old.

He is the typical example of the successful star whose early life included jobs ranging from reading gas meters to selling hats in a Chicago store.

Donald O'Connor was accepted as typing "The All-American Boy" when, as a seventeen-year-old, he got his first real film chance in 1943.

Originally he was described as a second Micky Rooney.

A clever eccentric dancer, he has a sound comedy sense.



GEORGE RAFT and his leading lady, Marilyn Maxwell, as they appear in RKO's drama, "Race Street," which is currently showing in Australia. Usually a blonde, Marilyn wears a black wig in this film.



MELVYN DOUGLAS, co-star with lovely Maureen O'Hara in RKO's thriller, "The Long Denial." After Maureen's success in the Fox comedy, "Sitting Pretty," she returns to drama in a story of a woman who accepts an accusation of murder to shield a young girl protegee. Douglas has a sympathetic role.



DONALD O'CONNOR and his newest leading lady, sprightly blonde Penny Edwards, who co-star in Universal International's comedy, "Feudin', Fussin', and Fightin'," taken from a magazine prizewinning story.



Whatever your mood you will love this dream gown of lace-encrusted nylon. Impulsively designed with tempting neck-line and tiny waist. See it at all good stores.

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HEARTS IN LOVE WILL KNOW the enchantment of beauty. Is your complexion flawless . . . irresistibly beautiful? Let Rexona bring you all-over loveliness. Its silken, gently medicated lather tones the skin while cleansing away impurities that cause ugly skin faults. Rexona's gentle medicament is Cadyl, the exclusive compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Boryl Acetate—all proven aids in the achievement of complexion loveliness.

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP



X.91.82



1 ALARMED at telephone conversation she accidentally overhears about a murder planned for that night, wealthy neurotic invalid Leona Stevenson (Barbara Stanwyck) tries to trace call.



2 BEFORE MARRIAGE, Leona had won her husband, Henry (Burt Lancaster), from her best friend, Sally (Ann Richards), because of her father's fortune.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

A STUDY of suspense and terror culminating in a murder, "Sorry, Wrong Number" was adapted by Paramount from Lucille Fletcher's famous radio play.

Apart from some flashback scenes, most of the action takes place during one evening, when a bed-ridden woman is slowly driven into the certainty that she is to be the victim of a murder.

Her futile attempts to get help, as through the sole medium of the telephone she discovers the situation, give Barbara Stanwyck the most dramatic role she has had for some time.



3 SEEKING attention, Leona becomes an invalid, hoping to keep Henry through his sympathy for her neurosis.



4 TELEPHONE CALL from Sally to Leona about mysterious work Henry is doing worries Leona still further.



5 DOUBLE-CROSSING his two confederates in stealing money from Leona's father, Henry employs them to kill Leona for her insurance. She becomes suspicious after hearing telephone talk.



6 TERRIFIED, Leona receives call from Henry after arrest of one gangster. Henry tells her to ring police, hoping to appear innocent, but she is too late.

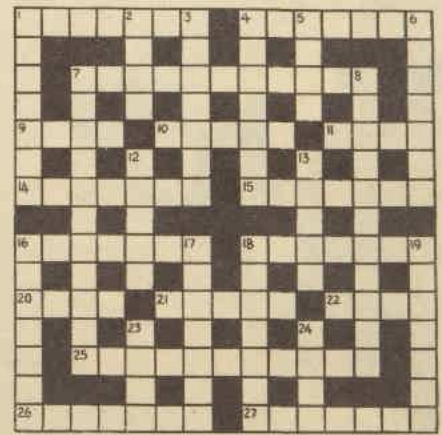
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 14

ACROSS

- The onion that makes a marksman take in everyone. (7)
- Be in trouble when following a large lady's maid. (7)
- It's a disgusting thing if a rabbit turns before a race. (11)
- Musical instrument (4)
- Young fish that is briefly inside it gets hot (5)
- Variety of cone made formerly (4)
- To get into a railway carriage and take a shower after ten is out of order (7)
- Government holiday includes medicine (7)
- Simple songs make a dance a sad muddle (7)
- Saus and let the vein follow hostility (7)
- So sad is upset if he stands on it (4)
- Small river (5)
- Soon to be briefly nameless (4)
- Make symphonic or with the speed of the thorax (11)
- King of the sun, otherwise the moon (7)
- Grandeur may make it dingy (7)

DOWN

- Just imagine an artist's model is to eat before her attitude finishes (7)
- Observe (4)
- Teaching is not made up that takes you in by it, and me (5)
- Rag a man. This should speak for itself (7)
- A glib lasser contents a bird (4)
- The sea breaks into deceased Albert like milk (7)
- Sherry is the first person not confused and sick with the to-do (11)
- Oh, Len, Can-can! (anag.) (11)
- Dray takes in a weight of precious metal (5)
- This clue is a trap (5)
- For platted vessels to make wagers, enquire within (7)
- It's swell on the operator (7)
- Forcefully twisted and married when peace set in. (7)
- Royal family line finishes muddy and dirty (7)
- Five score is a total makes you froth (4)
- Suspend (4)
- £10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 14, and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close Nov. 12, and prizes and solution in issue of Dec. 4.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 10

ACROSS: 1-Black-mal; 6-Water; 9-Melodrama (anag.); 10-Da/r/red (dead turned); 11-Since (hidden); 12-I-so-late; 14-Yon; 15-Stamp; 17-Kx-act; 18-Dissail (anag.); 20-Ba-sin (AB turned); 21-Enter; 22-Imp (hidden); 24-Touch-ed; 25-Ti-ger; 26-No-tch; 30-Name plate; 31-Ex-er-le; 32-End-anger.

DOWN: 1-Bump/s; 2-Allen; 3-Kidney punch; 4-A-path-y; 5-Le-avin'g (anag. trans.); 6-Wed; 7-Iv/TN-ags/dl; 8-Red-letter; 13-Omelette pan (anag.); 15-Sub-stance (bus turned); 16-Ass-a-u/ter; 19-Evidence (anag.); 23-Plumed; 26-Or-ace; 27-Reels; 29-H/a/e.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 10: £10 to Mr. G. Evans, 17 Samuel St., Tempe, N.S.W. £5 to Mrs. A. W. Gill, 9 Ross St., Waverton, N.S.W. £2 to Mr. J. Hawtin, Stirling St., Scarborough, Perth, W.A.

Advance Releases Radio Gems of 1949



Brilliant realism . . . clear-cut reproduction . . . sparkling tonal quality . . . scintillating response

Here they are, the gems of next year's radio releases, each a jewel in a personalised setting, and a setting to suit every taste—every pocket. The complete collection ranges from the compact "112" through a brilliant array of mantel, table, portable and console models to the exquisite radio-gramophone combination, model "106". Whether you live in the city or country—whether you're a "local" listener or like to roam world-wide—whether your income is £300 a year or £3000—there's a gem in this Philips collection for you. A gem with a thousand facets of good listening.

PHILIPS radioplayers

** Available for
Immediate delivery from
your nearest Philips
Retailer*

Your Philips Retailer will gladly let you see and hear the Radioplayer of your choice. He'll point out the advanced technical improvements of this 1949 range . . . demonstrate the efficiency of radio's newest and biggest development—the "Inclinator Dial".

PHILIPS
The Dependable Radio



Model 104

This dignified 5-valve, world-range, A.C.-operated console features Philips newest slant to tuning . . . the Inclinator Dial. A built-in "on-off" switch and conveniently grouped controls make operation quick and simple. The price is 43 guineas (44 gns. in Nth. Qld.).



Model 114

Radio's newest development, the Inclinator Dial, is a feature of this exquisitely finished, table model Radioplayer. Designed expressly for the really critical listener, model 114 is a 6-valve, world-range, luxury radio for A.C. operation. It has many new and important technical improvements. 43 guineas (£46/6/- in Nth. Qld.).



Model 112

This 4-valve, A.C., mantel radio features Philips new angle on tuning—the Inclinator Dial. Model 112 is only 10 inches wide, has an inbuilt "on-off" switch and is available in a range of attractive colours. It's a "carry-along" set . . . the ideal second set for every home. Priced from 16 guineas (£19/2/6 in Nth. Qld.).



Models 105-109

Here are two 5-valve, dual-wave, deluxe Radioplayers . . . model 105 is for A.C./D.C. operation and costs £36/17/6, whilst model 109 is vibrator-operated and costs £44/2/- (£45/5/- in Nth. Qld.). Another deluxe Radioplayer specially designed for the country listener is the battery-operated model 108 for £32/18/8.



Models 113-115

These two Philips gems have the same beautifully finished, moulded cabinet. Both are 5-valve, A.C.-operated receivers. Model 113 provides world-wide reception and costs £29/15/- (£30/16/- in Nth. Qld.). Model 115 is for Australian broadcast reception and costs £25/10/- (£26/11/- in Nth. Qld.). They both feature Radio's latest development—the Inclinator Dial.



Model 111

This Philips portable is of satin-finished aluminium with moulded plastic ends and carrying handle. It's a 5-valve, dry-battery-operated radio giving brilliant tonal response over great distances. A special dial cover, operating like a roll-top desk, sets in the "on-off" switch. Complete with batteries. £29/19/6 (£31/0/6 in N. Qld.).



Model 106

Not a "machine"—it's a luxurious concert grand musical instrument. 5-valve, dual-wave radio unit and English Grammat automatic record-changer. Price, 115 guineas (117 gns. in Nth. Qld. and W.A.).



Model 116

The Philips 5-valve, A.C. Tablegram provides brilliant reproduction of either records or broadcast radio programmes. It is compact and has a reserve of volume for large rooms or halls. Its price—48 gns. (49 gns. in Nth. Qld. and W.A.).

Another tooth Gone!

Gum infection was the cause... something which S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

No toothpaste in the world can prevent some teeth from being doomed. But if you use S.R. Toothpaste you can help guard against bleeding, infected gums—and it's those soft, inflamed gums that lead to countless extractions. S.R. is a new kind of toothpaste. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. That will do everything a toothpaste can to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.



S.R. TOOTHPASTE
HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.25.142g

High Hat

Continued from page 7

SALLY stopped dead in her tracks. "Not in The Hat!" she said passionately.

Edward looked at her in amazement. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"The Hat," Sally gasped, almost crying, "and my birthday. And this suit . . . I won't go to the 'Clattery Bang.' I won't."

Edward looked at her through narrowed eyes, taking in her attire for the first time. "It looks to me as though you've been spending a lot of money," he said accusingly.

"I have," Sally said in a loud voice, and told him how much.

His eyes nearly popped out of his head. "You must be crazy," he said.

"This is the time to be a little crazy," Sally declared, "while I'm still young."

He glared at her. "You're quoting your mother."

"What if I am?"

Edward looked at his watch. "I can't stay here arguing any longer. Are you coming with me—or are you not?"

Sally tossed her head. "You can have your old 'Clattery Bang' all to yourself," she said. Which was silly really, because she knew he'd have to share it with at least three hundred other tin trays.

Back in the empty office Sally had a good cry and then ordered a sandwich lunch. By the time Mr. Compton returned she was sitting at her desk, a little pale, but composed.

"Have a nice lunch?" he asked her.

"Very," Sally lied. In the middle of the afternoon Edward rang.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"I'm quite well, thanks," Sally said distantly.

Edward sounded a little apprehensive. "Look, Sally, I know it's disappointing, but I shan't be able to see you to-night. That job is a big one—means a lot of money. I'll have to stay on till it's done. I think it will lead to something big."

"Congratulations," Sally said icily, "and good-bye. I don't ever want to see you again!"

"Are you crazy?" Edward shouted. "Completely," Sally said, "and I'm going to stay that way."

She slammed down the receiver and took out her temper on the typewriter.

In spite of piles of work the afternoon seemed as long as two. Sally had a curious feeling as though she'd been dreaming for a long time and had just woken up. Silly dreams they'd been, dreams about turning Edward into something he'd never be—a young man who'd take her heart by storm instead of by easy instalments.

It was a relief that the dreams were over, but she felt lonely. She wished Mr. Compton would ask her to go out with him once more, but Mr. Compton gave no sign of doing any such thing.

At last the office was empty. Mr. Compton had dashed away early without saying good-night, and Sally and the cleaning woman had the big building all to themselves.

Sally took The Hat from the cupboard and perched it at exactly the right angle on her head.

She wouldn't go home yet, she told herself mutinously. She'd go to the pictures all by herself and have supper at some nice restaurant . . . She guessed that was what Mr. Compton would be doing—enjoying himself with some other girl. Twinkling at her with those merry eyes of his, making her heart flutter in the way Sally's heart had fluttered . . .

Her soft under-lip

trembled slightly and a tear rolled down one cheek. Sally sniffed angrily. Edward wasn't worth crying about and neither was Mr. Compton. Men were a snare and a delusion.

As Sally mopped up the second tear Mr. Compton breezed into her office with a white box in his hands.

He placed it on her lap. "Many happy returns," he mumbled. "Miss Tite told me it was your birthday."

Sally opened the box with shaky fingers. Inside lay a spray of exquisite white orchids veined with pale green and tenuous gold.

"Oh—thank you," she cried. "They're lovely."

Mr. Compton didn't say anything. His eyes were fixed on The Hat. Sally waited anxiously for the verdict.

"Heavens," he said at last, "what a dream!"

Happiness came rushing back. The words were like balm to Sally's wounded ego.

"You really like it?"

"Like it?" cried Mr. Compton. "Why, it's a miracle of a hat. I'd be proud to be seen escorting a hat like that—with you under it, that is."

Sally smiled demurely. "My engagement for this evening is off."

Mr. Compton held out his arm. "What are we waiting for, then?" And he added firmly, "The name, out of business hours, is Charles."

Outside the office a taxi stood with its meter ticking the pennies away. "Where to?" asked the taxi-man. Charles looked at The Hat, and gave the name of the most fashionable hotel in town.

In the taxi Charles took Sally's hand. "Dinner and dance," he said softly, "will that suit you, Sally?"

Sally nodded happily. She loved dancing—Edward didn't know a slow foxtrot from a sailor's hornpipe.

Charles watched her anxiously. "Are you happy?"

"Very happy," Sally said truthfully.

He coughed. "I've a little confession to make."

Sally's soft eyes promised him forgiveness in advance.

"Freddie Prensaham rang me up this morning. Asked me to recommend an accountant for a rush job. I gave Edward Pilcher's name." He paused and said defensively, "It was a sort of test. Did I do right?"

Sally's hand lay in his like a captive but trustful bird. "You did quite right, Charles," she said serenely.

Charles kissed her. She had been right then, Sally thought, with a deep becoming blush. Mr. Compton—Charles—had nothing at all to learn about love-making—not from all the film stars she had ever seen.

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HAZEL



"Frankie and Johnnie were lovers . . ."

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

GREY taffeta with white organdie for contrast is my suggestion for a formal evening gown for a ball at Christmas-time, and the design which is sketched here may help readers who have to attend important summer dances.

Formal gown

"I AM attending a rather formal ball at Christmas-time and would like some advice about a new evening dress. I always wear a sleeve of some type in my evening frocks, but am worried in case, for this occasion, a dress with sleeves might not be formal enough. I thought I would buy taffeta, with white organdie for the trimming. I can't decide between grey and sage-blue for the color."

I advise you to choose grey and white for your evening dress, because it's a color combination that looks cool as well as becoming in summer weather. If you feel more at home in a design with a sleeve, certainly have it. Your dress can be made formal with bare shoulders and an open decolletage. Sketched on this page is my suggestion for the dress. The main part of the design is in taffeta, the contrast at the neckline and the frill showing beneath the hemline, are organdie.

Colors for brunette

"AS an olive-skinned brunette, I am worried because most of the fashionable colors seem to make my skin look muddy, especially mauve, which I would love to wear. What smart colors do you advise? Should I wear black?"

No matter what batch of colors are currently fashionable, you should wear only shades that go well with your skin, hair, and eyes. As you have an olive skin, you will find most clear colors will flatter your complexion. Clear pinks, blues, blue-greens and yellows are all good.

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

So are creams, natural, white, and any flowered prints on a white ground. Broadly speaking, black does not flatter an olive-skinned brunette, but there are exceptions. For instance, a young girl with a glowing olive skin can wear black and look lovely, but only after dark. I consider the safest dark color for a brunette is navy-blue.

Jacket plus

"MY first baby will arrive next February, and I am writing to you for general advice about maternity clothes. I don't want to spend a lot, yet I feel I would like something more than a 'little black dress' for every occasion."

Versatility can be achieved for a maternity wardrobe by carefully planned "separates," and infinite variation can be organised with the "jacket plus" theme. For instance, a suit with a boxy jacket can go shopping or just loafing; the jacket can be worn over a one-piece dress, or with a separate skirt. Or the jacket could be paired with a long skirt, and it's a dinner outfit; wear it with pyjamas and it's a lounging ensemble.

Country outfit

"SOME friends who live in a large country town have asked me to visit them, and I am worried about the clothes it would be necessary to take. Do you think we would be wearing formal evening dress?"

A poplin skirt in strong green,



TOUCHES of white organdie at neck and hem give a demure touch to a grey taffeta evening dress.

three crisp white cotton shirts, white string gloves, and a pair of green suede moccasins would be an excellent basic daytime wardrobe for the country. Apart from this outfit, if you intend to ride you will need riding clothes (drill lodgings, tailored shirt, and elastic-sided boots). If you play tennis or golf, an outfit for either, or both, sports should be taken along. If you do dress for dinner (you might send a note to your hostess and inquire), your evening dress would be rather informal, a dress with a skirt right above ankle-length would be ideal. It is far more probable you will "change" for dinner. This being the case, I suggest a dress with a ballerina-length skirt made in a pastel cotton or pastel tie silk.

Comfort at beach

"WILL the nipped-in waist and rounded hipline extend to beach clothes? Would you tell me also what type of bathing costume will be worn this season?"

In direct contrast to close-nipped city clothes, beach and resort fashions go easy on the waistline. Middy blouses (high fashion) hang perfectly straight to all but cover short-cut "little-boy" shorts. Box jackets and coolie coats follow the same straight, square-cut line. The one-piece swimsuit has come into its own again. A two-piece swimsuit is also receiving reasonable attention, especially by the young and slim. This year's version has flat-cut or diaper-wrapped pants and the tiniest of bra tops. A ballet-length beach skirt is worn (by all ages) to button over a playsuit or swimsuit. The skirt is cut with plenty of width, can match or contrast with the suit, and is fitted to the natural waistline.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/2. Postage, 1/9s extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/4; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 1/9s extra.
"FIDDY"—Charming blouse made in easy-to-laundry white sharkskin.
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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 21/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/11. Postage, 8/6d extra.

SEND your order for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 451G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Here is REAL relief...



Thousands of happy housewives all over the world who used to suffer all the crippling pains, aches and stiffness that "rheumatics" can bring, now sail through their daily tasks with a song—thanks to De Witt's Pills. Their trouble had been due to poorly functioning kidneys—maybe that is the cause of your trouble.

Sluggish kidneys can affect the health of the whole body. These vital organs have the never-ending task of expelling all those waste matters and impurities which, if left to settle in the system, often give rise to rheumatically conditions.

Start a course of the world-famous medicine specially made to restore kidneys to their normal healthy activities—De Witt's Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, cleansing and re-toning these vital organs until new health, new vim and vigour return. A glance through our files, full of glowing tributes, would convince you of the efficacy of this fine family medicine. Get a supply to-day. For economy's sake get the 5/9 size, it contains two and a half times the 3/- quantity.

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For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Is yours just "SORT OF" hair...

SORT OF LIGHT? SORT OF DARK?

THESE 2 AMAZING
New MAKE-UP Shampoos
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RADIANT, LOVELIER, MORE LUSTROUS

STA-BLOND
for FAIR types
Lightens fair, fairish
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keeps blonde and fair
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for DARK types
Deepens all brownish
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4-6 shades without
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"ROBINA."—A pretty one-piece, made in a crease-resisting printed slub linen. The colors are blue, lime, beige, tan, and pale blue grounds all printed in grey, white, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/6. Postage, 1/4s extra.
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"MONICA."—Jacket-suit of plain marocain in lovely shades of lime, London-tan, pale blue, light sage-blue, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 53/6. Postage, 1/9s extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust,

64/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 67/3. Postage, 1/9s extra.

"CATHERINE."—An attractive pinafro frock of printed slub. The colors available are grey, cherry, and black; yellow, grey, and black; and blue, grey, and black, all printed on a white ground.

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Cool, carefree colours that match the everlasting freshness of this wonderful sun-loving fabric.

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And so easy to iron—it's almost a pleasure! Look for POTTER'S Anti-Shrink FABRICS by-the-yard or in ready-to-wear fashions.

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If you feel so low-spirited, isn't it simply because you are run-down? Thousands who feel like you have quickly recovered their spirits and regained a happy outlook on life by taking a revitalizing course of Phyllosan tablets.

The effect of taking Phyllosan tablets is a steadily growing sense of general well-being, disappearance of the feeling of depression and exhaustion, and restoration of energy. The tablets are easy to take, but what a difference they make!

If you take a course of

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you'll find it easy to be happy!

3/6 per small bottle
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Stay as sweet as you are with
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BOSOM BEAUTY

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

● A round, well-defined bust is rightly regarded by the modern woman as important to figure beauty and good fashion lines.

SCARCELY a day goes by but someone inquires, "Can anything be done to develop the small bust, to reduce the overlarge bust, to lift and firm the slackened contour?"

There is a common belief that there must be some lotion, some cream, some cosmetic which will either reduce or develop the bosom.

But there are, as yet, no guaranteed preparations or cosmetics of this kind.

In the majority of cases the over-sized bosom accompanies an overweight figure, and the reduction of all-over body weight by planned diet and exercise seems the sensible solution. As weight becomes normal and the body functions more actively and regularly the bust measurement often decreases.

The slack bustline is almost always due to lack of muscle tone. The muscles supporting the breasts can be strengthened and a certain amount of firmness developed if the condition has not been allowed to go on too long.

Increasing the size of the breasts is a more difficult affair, but supporting muscles can often be enlarged and filled out at the sides, the chest measurement increased through posture training and exercise. The shoulder muscles improved, and the upper back made straighter, giving an overall effect of greater breadth and beauty.

In planning a prettier bustline, every woman needs the support of a well-fitted brassiere which conforms to her size and type.

There must be no pull on the shoulders, no cutting into tender flesh by tight straps, or overly tight fittings which merely blind and do not comfortably support or sculpture the bosom.

As the large woman reduces and the bustline comes down in measurement to harmonise with the figure it will seem even smaller when a well-cut brassiere is worn, because the fat under the arms and on the back will have disappeared.

Splashing the face, throat, and chest with cold water after bathing is stimulating and merits inclusion in everyone's grooming plan, but especially during a reducing period it is wise to use cold water to help keep the breasts firm. If possible, have a hand-spray, and after bathing spend a full three minutes letting a fairly firm flow of cold water

fall on the breasts. Not too great a force, however, or the purpose will be defeated.

Posture is all important to bosom beauty, too. A slumping figure always makes a heavy bosom look heavier because it sags forward. Even the under-developed bosom seems more important and attractive when the body is held properly, and besides, a lifted chest is necessary to keep muscles strong, which makes good posture the best every-day exercise for the bosom.

Stop often during the day to straighten the neck, lift the chest, and, without raising the shoulders, pull up tall. Sleep without a pillow.

Swimming, golf, tennis—in fact, any exercise which requires "reaching" movements of the arms and the muscles which support the breasts—are excellent; backward arm—swinging, in wide-fingering circles, aids the bustline as well as the contour of upper arms.

Here are some exercises which are described as "normalising" because they can be done by the overweight, underweight, or normal-weight person, and so are good equalisers, particularly for the bosomy figure that is otherwise slim.

Do them for ten minutes daily at a set time, slowly and carefully, and replace them at intervals by different types:

(1) There are two sections in this exercise. Both sections are performed with arms up and elbows at shoulder height.

(a) Each hand lightly grasps the opposite wrist, then rhythmically the hands contract, push toward opposite elbows, relax.

(b) Hands lightly grasp each other, pull hard as if to pull apart, relax. Do each 15 times more if there is time.

(2) Stand with heels close to one side of a door-frame, hands clasped crosswise around opposite wood-work. Now, leaning into the hands, drop the chest far forward and try to touch the chest to the framework. Do not, of course, release the hands; they are to help with the stretch as well as provide support. Be sure to raise the head up and stretch it back for chin-line firming, too.

(3) Stand erect, arms at sides, pull in the abdomen, and, with abdominal muscles contracted, raise arms to shoulder level, fists clenched. In this position, stretch the body as much as possible by raising the shoulders high,

Not a shadow of a doubt!

Your self-assurance is unshadowed . . . you know your secret is safe . . . because the special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. To make the most of Kotex comfort, ask for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt (Wonderform, 2/6; or Featherweight, 1/3) . . . adjustable, all-elastic, non-binding.



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Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. So get a bottle to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION
P.S.—Waiting up or washing to do? Give your hands extra care, by massaging before and after with Pond's Hand Lotion.



**A PAGE
FROM THE STORY
OF GELATINE**

The salad is *Elegant*

Mouth watering arrays of fragrance and flavour cool, soothe and satisfy. Davis Gelatine lends its assistance and every salad of elegance contains some of its ingredients enveloped in clear aromatic jelly . . . See what we mean?



INDIVIDUAL SALADS 6 Small Servings

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, cold water, 3 desiccated lemon juice, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt or more to taste, 1 pint grated cucumber with skin, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, 2 cups cooked peas, 1 cup cooked diced carrot. (Measurements level.)

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, salt, onion, lemon juice, vinegar and cold water to make up to 1 pint. Add cucumber. Arrange peas and the cucumber mixture. Unmould and arrange with other salads.

ASPARAGUS SALAD 6-8 Servings

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 lb. thick asparagus or according to size, 1 pint asparagus liquor, 1 cup diced celery, slice of onion, salt, pepper, nutmeg, flowers of cooked cauliflower, slices of tomato. (Measurements level.)

Place 1 cup celery in saucepan with 1 pint water, slice of onion, bring to boiling point, cook till soft, remove. Add asparagus liquor. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to the liquor. Add nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Strain. Arrange asparagus round the mould. Fill with cauliflower, tomato, pieces of asparagus and uncooked celery. Add thickening gelatine mixture.

JELLIED FRUIT SALAD 6 Servings

4 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, 1 pint hot water, cold water, 1 cup sugar, piece of lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 bananas, 1 passionfruit, slice of cooked pineapple, 3 oranges, 1 peach, 1 pear, or other fruit available. (Measurements level.)

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place 1 pint cold water in saucepan with sugar and lemon rind, bring to boiling point, remove, add lemon juice and cold water to make up to 1 pint. Add dissolved gelatine, passionfruit. Leave to thicken. Arrange fruit in a mould and pour in the thickening gelatine mixture. Serve with custard or ice cream.

RECIPE COLLECTION

If you would like our Recipe Book to help with Summer Meals, write and enclose 2/6d. for postage.

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SYDNEY: G.P.O. Box 3583 BRISBANE: G.P.O. Box 758K
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Davis Sparkling Granulated Gelatine



CHINESE Food

● Mrs. S. Y. Woo, wife of the Consul-General for the Republic of China, presents recipes for national dishes illustrated above.

ALTHOUGH rice is used a great deal in Chinese cookery, many appetising meals are prepared with other ingredients.

Here are recipes for five piquant dishes and a rich, unusual soup.

Those who are familiar with Chinese food will appreciate the recipe for the chicken and almond dish. But a word to the uninitiated: it's as hot as the number of chillies used can make it. So be wary.

CHAO CHI TING OR LA TZU CHI TING

(Chicken and Almonds)

One young chicken, almonds (blanched and dried), chillies, 2oz. lard, 1½ tablespoons soya sauce, 2 teaspoons salt.

Fillet chicken and cut into cubes 1½ in. long. Cover with beaten white of egg. Heat ½ oz. lard and fry almonds light brown. remove from pan. Heat rest of lard and fry chicken quickly, do not overcook, then add almonds, soya sauce, salt, and chillies cut into very fine shreds. Serve at once.

TANG TSU PAI KU

(Pork with sweet and sour sauce)

Two pounds pork rib bones or 1½ lb. pork fillets, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons soya sauce, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ oz. cornflour, ½ oz. lard, 1 teaspoon finely minced root ginger, 2 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cut pork bones into pieces 1½ in. long or fillets into cubes 1½ in. long. Roll pieces of pork into paste made of ½ oz. cornflour and white of egg. Heat 3½ oz. lard and fry pork golden-brown. Remove from pan. Clean and dry pan. Make sauce from soya sauce, vinegar, sugar, water, salt, and thicken with remainder of cornflour. Heat remainder of lard, return pork to pan, reheat, and cover with sauce. Serve at once.

YU CHUAN

(Fish with ham and mushrooms)

One bream or schnapper, ½ oz. finely minced ham, ½ oz. peas, ½ oz. fresh mushrooms, ½ oz. cornflour, ½ oz. lard, 1 teaspoon salt.

Fillet fish and cut into thin strips 1½ in. long. Mince ham and mushrooms together and spread this mixture on one side of fish slices. Roll slices and cover with cornflour. Heat a little lard, fry peas, take out. Heat remainder of lard, fry fish rolls, add peas and salt. Serve at once.

HUO TUI CHI TANG

(Ham and chicken soup)

One chicken, 2oz. lean ham, shallots, 2 small pieces of root ginger cut into slices, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cut chicken into pieces, put into saucepan, and cover well with water. Add sliced ginger, ham, and shallot. Simmer gently for 1½ hours with lid tightly on saucepan. Add salt before removing from pan.

CHINESE EGGS FAY YUNG

Two level tablespoons margarine or butter, 1½ lb. mushrooms, 1 cup sliced onions, 1 cup diced celery, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup bean sprouts, 1 extra tablespoon butter, soya sauce.

Melt margarine or butter (the two tablespoons), add peeled chopped mushrooms, saute two or three minutes. Add onions and celery, stir over low heat three or four minutes longer. Cool. Beat eggs, season with salt and pepper, add sauteed vegetables and bean sprouts. Melt the extra tablespoon of butter in a shallow pan. Drop portions of egg mixture into the hot butter from a large spoon. Turn the cakes as soon as they are firm on the bottom. Cook other side and serve at once with soya sauce.

DUCK AND PINEAPPLE CANTON

One (4lb.) duck, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 ground ginger root, 1 cup cooking-oil, 1 cup syrup from canned pineapple, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 cup soya sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 clove garlic, 2 cups water, 1 cup water.

Wash duck and cut in pieces for stewing, dip in mixture of soya sauce, sugar, salt, and ginger root and add with garlic to oil in heavy frying-pan. Saute 15 minutes or until well browned, add the 2 cups of water and pineapple juice, and simmer covered 1 hour or until tender. Remove duck to hot platter and keep hot.

Mix cornflour and water to a paste, stir into hot liquid in pan, and cook 10 minutes, stirring until thickened. Add pineapple and cook five minutes longer, pour sauce over duck, and serve at once.



PETITE AND CHARMING Mrs. Woo shows how chopsticks are held. Mrs. Woo selected the dishes pictured above, as she considers the average Australian will relish them. See recipes on this page.

Wham

... the tasty summer delicacy of sugar-cured HAM and prime BEEF cuts



KRAFT'S answer to rising meat prices!

Enjoy meat this way! Have it whenever you like—and save on your weekly meat bill at the same time!

Wham is a savoury, appetising blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef. It is

pressure cooked in the tin to seal in its delicious flavour and high nutritive value.

Wham is economical to buy. There is no waste, no bone, no fat—all rich, good nourishing meat.

Wham is ready in a jiffy. No cooking, no preparation. So serve Wham for delicious summer meals, snacks, sandwiches and picnics. Wham is made by Kraft—and that's a fine guarantee of quality. Get some Wham.



You know how pressure cooking seals in the flavour of the meat and vegetables. Well, Wham is pressure cooked—in the tin. That's why Wham always tastes so extra delicious... always brings you the rich, nourishing goodness of selected ham and prime beef.



Napro BLONDING EMULSION

puts lovely golden tints in drab "mousey" hair

AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND BEAUTY SALONS



HEARNE'S FOR BRONCHITIS TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S

COUGHS & COLDS



Results Next Week . . .

£2000 Cookery Contest

THIS is the last batch of progress prize-winners in our £2000 Cookery Contest, results of which will be announced next week.

N.B.: All measurements level in these recipes.

STEAK AND CORN CASSEROLE

One pound minced steak, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sweet corn, 2 medium sized tomatoes, 2 tablespoons diced bacon, few extra crumbs and nut of butter for topping.

Combine steak, flour, salt, pepper, onion, and sauce. Stir over low heat until meat changes color. Cook gently 10 to 12 minutes longer, stirring to prevent sticking. Cool slightly, add breadcrumbs, parsley, beaten egg and milk. Line bottom and sides of greased ovenware dish. Combine corn, skinned chopped tomatoes, bacon. Fill into dish; top with extra breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot. If liked a border of mashed potato may be added and browned lightly before serving.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN LOAF

Two-thirds cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup orange juice, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon each ground cloves, cinnamon, spice, and salt, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup hot mashed sweet potato, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend cocoa smoothly with orange juice, add alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lightly fold in raisins, walnuts, sweet potato, and orange rind. Divide into 2 well-greased loaf-tins, 8½ x 5½ in. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. These loaves are moist and keep well—best if kept a day before cutting.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. J. Collins, Bricea State School, Kolan River South, Bundaberg, Qld.

SPICED SPONGE TART

Pastry: Three ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, 1 cup well-drained stewed apple pulp.

Spiced Sponge: Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

Pastry: Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Gradually work in sifted flour and salt, then beaten egg-yolk and milk, mixing to a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly, line 9 in. tart-plate. Spread base with jam, then with apple pulp. Cover with prepared cake mixture, sprinkle top with a little extra cinnamon mixed with sugar. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. May be served hot with custard, or allowed to become cold and topped with thin lemon icing.

Spiced Sponge: Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and walnuts alternately with milk.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Moylan, 63 Dundas St., Preston N18, Vic.

STEAMED GOLDEN PUDDING

Half cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup finely diced peeled apple, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt, add wholemeal flour, sultanas, apple, orange and lemon rind. Mix golden syrup with melted shortening, add to dry in-

gredients alternately with beaten egg and milk. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, steam 1 to 2 hours. Serve with custard or lemon or orange sauce.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Quinn, "Araluen," Dawson St., Cook's Hill, N.S.W.

BAKED HAMBURGER ROLL

One and a half pounds topside steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons finely diced onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon mixed mustard, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups diced carrot, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup water, flour.

Trim steak, put through mincer. Add breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons of the onion, sauce, mustard, salt, herbs. Mix well, bind with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to well-floured board, press out to rectangular shape. Cover carrots and celery with boiling salted water, simmer 10 minutes. Drain, spread over meat, sprinkle with balance of onion. With floured hands carefully roll up like a Swiss roll. Place in ovenware dish, add tomato puree and water mixed together. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 1½ to 2 hours. Baste frequently with gravy. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Gray, 10 Scott St., Canterbury, Vic.

COFFEE WALNUT KISSES

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 5oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 1oz. chopped walnuts, 2oz. chopped raisins or sultanas.

Filling: One tablespoon margarine or butter, 6 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 1 dessertspoon milk, walnut pieces to decorate.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, add egg-yolk. Gradually beat in syrup, lemon juice, and coffee essence warmed together. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, cinnamon, and salt. Spoon more than half the mixture a teaspoonful at a time on to greased biscuit tray. Fold walnuts and raisins into balance of mixture, spoon as before on to greased tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) approximately 15 minutes. Allow to cool on trays. When quite cold join a fruit to a plain with coffee filling, top with a dab of filling and piece of walnut. Makes 18 to 20 kisses.

Filling: Cream margarine or butter, gradually add icing sugar. Beat until light and fluffy, gradually add coffee essence and milk. Continue beating until smooth and creamy.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Johns, Glynde Rd., Pirie, S.A.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

Four ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. plain flour, 1 cup cornflour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk (if necessary).

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Add sifted flour, cornflour, cocoa, baking powder, and salt; then milk (if necessary), making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut with round cutter, place on greased biscuit tray. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Peppermint Cream Filling: One tablespoon margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 2 or 3 drops peppermint essence.

Cream margarine or butter, gradually add icing sugar, beat until soft and smooth, add peppermint essence. Sandwich biscuits with a small quantity of the filling.

Chocolate Icing: Six tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 dessertspoons milk, grated chocolate or cake topping.

Sift icing sugar with cocoa, mix to a smooth paste with milk. Warm slightly, spreading consistency, coat tops of biscuits; sprinkle with grated chocolate or cake topping.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. W. Senior, 18 Francis St., Randwick, N.S.W.

REVOLUTIONARY

SUPER VERM-X THE NEW SENSATIONAL INSECT PEST EXTERMINATOR



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Are you awake before the alarm clock? Up and about with a cheery greeting for all?

Energy and drive indicate sufficient vitamin B in the system to see you through the day without fatigue.

If you are lethargic, easily depressed, and lacking in vigorous, buoyant health you probably need to make good the deficiency of vitamin B in your system.

Bemax is rich in vitamin B. In fact it is vitamin B, in combination with other vitamins and minerals which together impart to your body the vitally necessary constituents which make good the normal wear and tear on your nerves and general health.

In these days when world food shortages affects nearly everyone, the only way to make sure of your indispensable vitamin B is to sprinkle a tablespoonful of Biky Bemax over your breakfast cereal or stewed fruit or add it to a glass of milk.

Bemax tones up the nervous and digestive systems. You sleep better, you are less "nervy" and less liable to constipation. Bemax, a natural source of vigour, is obtainable from Chemists and Stores.

BEMAX

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Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

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penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the de-vitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/4), from Hallams Pty. Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and all Branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Mch.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Mch.; and Bika Chemists Ltd., 57 and 219 Rundle St., Adelaide.



An Electric Lawn Mower and only 19 Guineas

Imagine it—lawn mowing reduced to an effortless stroll! It's really true—the TECNICO ELECTRIC LAWN MOWER sees to that. This newest of TECNICO labour-saving appliances *electrically* shears your grass clean as a whistle while you just guide it along. You can actually operate the TECNICO ELECTRIC with one hand free—yes, it's as easy as that! As each user will need a different length, flex is not supplied (joins to extend it are definitely not good practice). We have allowed for this essential "extra" by pricing the TECNICO ELECTRIC MOWER at only 19 guineas—less than a holiday costs, yet giving you a lifetime's holiday from Man's most awesome labour! Soon supplies will be available from your favourite store—meanwhile, mail coupon below for free, informative colour folder. It's fascinating just reading about such a great new idea!

NEVER AGAIN THESE LAWN-MOWING NIGHTMARES...

Most mowers make you do the work of causing the blade to cut—often jam when the going's tough: the TECNICO works *electrically* and glides effortlessly on through the toughest clump of grass or weed! Most mowers take you hours—and sound like baby tractors: the TECNICO cuts time to a minimum, is silent as a new car! Life's too short—buy a TECNICO and spend more of your valuable time in leisure! Get that free colour folder to-day!

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at your favourite
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Choose your cutting height by flicking a lever... turn your TECNICO ELECTRIC on-off by finger-tip control... eliminate hand-clipping by operating right to the edges... stay friends with neighbours (radio interference eliminated by inclusion of suppressor unit). Better send for your free colour folder right now!



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**THIS SAFE,
EASY WAY!**

Say "good-bye" to dulling scratches that hold onto dirt—that make cleaning harder! Fine, white Bon Ami lifts off dirt and grime without harmful grit. No hard scrubbing. No red, rough hands. And Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. Try it to-day. See how much Bon Ami helps with bathroom and kitchen cleaning—because it's fast—because it's safe!

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**GLAD
to have
VISITORS**

Every Picture Tells a Story!
Headaches, dizziness may
point to tired kidneys.



NO MORE DIZZY TURNS

How easy it is to be the delightful, carefree hostess, once those headaches and dizzy turns have been stopped by the natural, alleviating action of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Poor kidney action is frequently the cause of headaches, dizzy turns and loss of energy. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, disturbed nights, and puffiness under the eyes as well as headaches and dizziness. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, with frequent or poor kidney action, ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic, which for more than 60 years has brought happy relief to millions.

DOANS are manufactured to rigid standards of purity to help the kidneys eliminate poisonous wastes. Don't delay! Get DOAN'S today!

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Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, New York; London; Sydney.

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Cerebos
SALT OF QUALITY

PART of the drawing-room in the Adelaide home of Sir Lavington and Lady Bongthon. The arrangement of white chrysanthemums and gladioli on the grand piano was strikingly beautiful. The room has emerald-green taffeta curtains, striking against the off-white walls. Rugs are putty-colored and chair coverings leaf-green, off-white, and putty.



VIEW of the long hall, which has a carved Gothic arch. The mirror at the end reflects an arched window at the entrance.



GLIMPSE of drawing-room shows interesting wall treatment. Notice porcelain mask and corner grouping. Some of the chairs are in soft leaf-green; others have attractive leaf motif in white, and the settee is putty-colored to match floor.

Gaiety in summer gardens . . .

• Spring flowers have mostly faded by now and spent annuals should be removed and the flower-beds, generally, given a touch of color in the borders.—Says Our Home Gardener

IT is really surprising how much gaiety can be achieved in the garden at this time of the year if the gardener sowed seeds of annuals and perennials at the right time.

The gay little portulaca will be adding tints to the "lips" of the border beds. Seed can still be sown, and the plants grow rapidly under the warmth of summer.

Just behind these diminutive rainbows, bedding petunias, in rosy pink, cerise, white, and purple, can be set out or sown now, and they, too, will glamorise the beds on the hottest days.

For central beds that carry shrubs or small trees, the tiny zinnias, Haageana and Linearis, make good bed-fellows just behind white, mauve, or yellow alyssum, and the Lilliput zinnia can be used as a backing, as the plants rarely exceed 12in.

Where the garden's "eyebrows" need touching up, charm dahlias can be planted out and staked securely. They give a definite uplift to shorter plants like salvia, asters, marigolds, balsams, Canterbury bells, carnations, or gerberas, and, if care is exercised, pinks, reds, whites, yellows, and what-have-you can be relied upon to provide color almost into winter.

Delphiniums that flowered earlier can be cut down. They will flower again in late summer and autumn,

and, like all tall plants, should be set well back—and be staked securely when the spikes appear.

The taller dahlias, such as decoratives, hybrid, and garden cactus, collarettes, singles, and novelties, are the backbone of garden glamor in summer and autumn, and these can be set out now.

They form the "hairdo" of the garden and frame its face, if the colors are selected with due regard to the general scheme.

Rockeries can be made the "earrings" on either side of the lawn, which is really the "face" of most

gardens—and one of its salient features. Mesembryanthemums, crassulas, and innumerable cacti, most of which bloom in hot weather, can be set out still, and are much less likely to need the constant ablations that the less hardy plants demand in summer.

And during November you can sow seeds of stocks, Iceland poppies, lupins, gerbera, gaillardia, cosmos, or set out seedlings of them for a prompt display next season.

In the vegetable kingdom November sowings consist of French beans, rock melons, water melons, pumpkins, marrows, squashes, cucumbers, lettuce, tomatoes, silver beet, beet-roots, the first few autumn cabbages and cauliflowers, egg plants, okra, sweet corn, radish, parsnips, carrots, and peanuts, and all will crop during summer months and some run well into autumn.

Add to deck-chair comfort

TWO cushions can make deck-chair lounging luxurious.

You will need six small brass curtain rings and 3yds. of cord to tie the cushions to the framework of the chair.

Using buttonhole-stitch, fix a curtain ring to two corners of each cushion and a pair half-way down the sides of the head cushion, which dips over top of chair.

These rings are for attaching the cords which tie on to the framework of the chair.

Divide your cord into six 18in. lengths, thread each length through a ring and secure with a knot, fringing the ends.

Cushions can be quickly attached or removed from chair.



EASY WAY to deck-chair comfort. See story.

FLOWER GRACE in stately home

By EYE GYE

ONE of the best-known residences in East Terrace, Adelaide, is the sixty-year-old home of Sir Lavington and Lady Bonython.

The exterior, solidly Victorian, gives no hint of the ecclesiastical influence in the planning of the entrance. This section of the house, Lady Bonython told me, was designed by an archdeacon with architectural training.

Pictures on these pages show the beauty of domed hallway and cathedral-like window at the entrance. All the rooms on the ground floor are exceptionally spacious, especially the drawing-room. But the sitting-room is charmingly intimate.

Every room is beautifully furnished, but to me the arresting point of interest in each room was Lady Bonython's flower arrangements.

She is an artist with flowers, and works magic with them to accent the colors of a room.

Her artistry and skill have influenced many of Adelaide's homemakers in flower arrangement, as hundreds of women make a weekly trip to a tiny shop in the city called the "Useful and Unemployed Sales Depot," where every Monday for years the window has been dressed by Lady Bonython.

The central motif always is an exquisite flower arrangement, and the window is a lesson in color harmony for room decoration.



DELICATE GREY WALLS and grey linen covers on the chairs contrast with dusky-rose and grey carpet in Lady Bonython's sitting-room, where she was photographed with another of her charmingly arranged vases.



ARCHED WINDOW, period furniture, and highly polished tessellated floor add dignity to the brick and stone walled entrance.



COLOR HARMONY in deep rose chrysanthemums, dusky-rose gladioli, green hydrangea, streitzia, and spring foliage which decorated a table in the sitting-room.

Healthy habits for babies

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABIES can acquire the regular habits essential to their health if their mothers are patient in the early weeks of the child's life.

Young mothers are often over-anxious about this aspect of the baby's development, and can over-emphasize the importance of toilet training.

A leaflet on how to establish good habits can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request for it.



KEEP a mixture of two parts lemon and one part water in your ice-cube refrigerator tray. Excellent as a base for lemonade.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WHEN a recipe calls for a "dash" of such and such an ingredient, I use just about one-eighth of a teaspoon.

YOU can make guards of electric fans more conspicuous, less dangerous, by painting them bright yellow or red.

PUSH four ordinary drawing-pins through corners of light floor mats and you'll prevent them from slipping around on lino or floor.

ATTACH shoulder-pads with press studs to summer washing frocks which require them. You'll save yourself the job of sewing in the pads after every wash.

"Such a lovely bedcover could only be a Vantona Court!"



You'll be as proud of your Vantona Court Bedcover in years to come as you were that thrilling day it first adorned your bed! For you'll see it then looking still as lovely... as perfectly draped and uncreased as it has looked day after day through years of wear, countless launderings, hours of sunshine—its colours as fresh as when you excitedly took it new from its cellophane wrapping. Then how glad you'll be that you invested in the famous Vantona quality of English craftsmanship at its best.

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AHEAD FOR FIGURES

Cheers my dears! Those lovely Lady Ruth Charmallettes are back again. They're here to keep figures neat and trim and to give that wonderfully reassuring support that every modern woman needs. They incorporate the famous Charma "Underlift" Brassiere, too.

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ONE PIECE FOUNDATIONS
AND
Lady Ruth PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS

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which safely STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



Close Harmony

Serenely in tune with the gay, fresh tones of Spring and Summer frocking . . . accompanying, with complete assurance, bright colours or muted shades . . . Bedgood ARCHLOCK Shoes are the keynotes in the harmony of a perfect dress ensemble. There's a down-to-earth practicability about them, too, for they're fashioned to give precision of fit plus correct balance. The sum of these two attributes is COMFORT . . . day-long, blissful ease . . . thanks to Bedgood ARCHLOCK construction!



Your Bedgood retailer has ARCHLOCK Shoes in MULTIPLE FITTINGS. Production is still very difficult, but stocks go forward to retailers at regular intervals.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5300.—Fitted bodice and full skirt are combined to make a perfect dress for plain or printed fabric. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5301.—Precisely tailored one-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5302.—Summer suit with a "new look" jacket and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5303.—Small girl's sun dress and matching bolero jacket. Sizes 8, 10, and 12 years, or 27, 31, and 34in. length. Requires 2½yds., 36in. material, and ½yd., 36in. contrast. Price 1/8.

F5304.—Smocked dress for a small girl. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years, or 18, 20, and 23in. length. Requires 1½yds., 36in. material. Price 1/8. Smocking transfer, 1/3 extra.

F5305.—Sun dress and matching bonnet. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years, or 18, 20, and 23in. length. Requires 1½yds., 36in. material, and ½yd., 36in. plain material (bonnet included). Price 1/8.

F5306.—Beguiling lace-trimmed nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36in. material, and ½yd., 36in. lace, 2½yds. eyelet insertion, and 5yds. ribbon, ¼in. wide. Price 2/4.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 1107—GAY HOUSEFROCK

The pattern is clearly traced on good quality British striped gingham in red, blue, or green stripes on a white ground, and is ready to cut out and machine. Sizes: 12in. and 14in. bust. 15/2; 36in. and 38in. bust. 16/11. Postage, 1/2½ extra.

Nos. 1108 and 1109—SUNSUITS AND SOUTHWESTER

Good quality printed cotton haircord on grounds of pale green, pink, blue, or white with small floral design in shades of blue, green, red, and rose-pink. Is used for the sunsuits. The pattern is clearly marked on the material.

Sizes: 1 year, length 17in., boy's suit, 3/11, girl's suit, 3/11, and 4/3. Postage, 4½d extra for each. 2 years, 18in., 4/3, 4/3, 2/11. Postage, 4½d extra for each. 3 years, 19in., 4/11, 4/11, 2/11. Postage, 4½d extra for each. 4 years, 20in., 5/3, 5/3, 2/11. Postage, 4½d extra for each. 5-6 years, 23in., 6/11, 6/11, 2/3. Postage, 9½d extra for each.

No. 1110—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK WITH BONNET TO MATCH

The material is cotton with a small floral design in pale blue, lemon, pale pink, pale green, or red on white. The pattern is clearly traced ready to cut out and machine. Sizes: 4 years, frock, 8/3, bonnet, 7/2; complete set, 10/9. Postage, 4½d extra. 5 years, frock, 8/8, bonnet, 7/6; complete set, 12/9. Postage, 4½d extra. 6 years, frock, 10/8, bonnet, 7/11; complete set, 13/9. Postage, 7½d extra. 8 years, frock, 11/3, bonnet, 4/2; complete set, 14/11. Postage, 8½d extra.

No. 1111—THREE GUEST TOWELS

The design is clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality huckaback. Size: 17in. x 22in., 3/11 each. Postage 4½d extra. Set of three 11/3. Postage, 10½d extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1107, 1108, 1109, and 1110 make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 29.

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